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Sunday, July 24, 1938



ANY CITY'S "BROADWAY," By Garretto, Brilliant Italian Artist

"BROADWAY" began in New York, but now the word covers almost any gay, lively thoroughfare which is the theatrical or the amusement part of any city. Here Garretto, noted for his extraordinary caricatures and cartoons, has given his

impression of any city's "Broadway," based upon his impressions of the basic New York type. Almost any reader will, without doubt, be able to identify the characters after careful study of this page.

Went To Live A Tomb To Save His Life

ALVARO ESTEVA was a rich man who made his fortune in the manufacture of bottles at the seaport city of Malaga, Spain. When the Spanish civil war broke out, he found himself in Loyalist territory, but out of sympathy with their cause.

In fact, he turned over large portions of his fortune to the insurgent cause. As was inevitable for a man of his wealth and opinions, he soon came under suspicion, and he knew it. It was just a matter of hours, he feared, before he would find himself under military arrest. Then his life would be worth a candle—they would stuff it out at day-break with bullets from a firing squad.

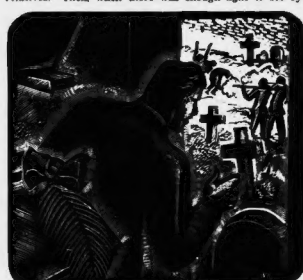
Escape was out of the question, for the borders of the famous city of white wine were carefully guarded. On the other hand, it might be weeks before the advancing insurgents could take the provincial capital. Esteve did some hard thinking.

The marked man had to work fast, the greater the possibility of defeat for the Loyalists, the more carefully they would root out enemies in their midst. At last he hit on a fantastic way out.

That night, Esteve called together his two elderly sisters, and outlined his grisly plan to them. He pointed out that they were safe enough, the government wanted only him, so that he would have to disappear. He needed their help, however, to make his scheme work, he said, and they promised not to give him away.

In the dead of night, therefore, the rich man stole to a nearby graveyard, but his direction was not aimless. Quietly he crept to the mausoleum in which the members of the Esteve family have been buried for generations. His hand trembled as he turned the ponderous key in the rusty lock. The door creaked, but nobody challenged him. It opened, and revealed a black hole.

Esteve shrunk back, then took a deep breath and went on in, closing the door behind him. He crouched in the dark until dawn, surrounded by the damp coffins of his dead relatives. Then, when there was enough light to see by



Through the Partly Open Door of His Family Tomb, Senior Esteve Looked Across the Gravesites to the High Wall Where a Firing Squad Was Shooting Down Other Victims of War.

through cracks in the stones of the tomb, he located an empty coffin, opened the lid and got in. He even put on an shroud he had brought for the purpose.

This was Esteve's new bed in his new home. Until the insurgents arrived, he was determined to play dead in order to keep alive. As soon as he heard approaching footsteps he pulled the lid down over him and lay shivering with fear until the steps faded away.

That afternoon, had anybody bothered to observe them, the two sisters went to the graveyard with a wreath of flowers picked from their garden. It was a generous-sized wreath, and they took it to their family burial vault, and left it at the door.

That night, the door quietly opened, a hand reached out, and pulled in the wreath. Carefully wired into the floral offerings were quantities of food. Water and bread were the main diet of the man who was used to banquet tables. This happened every day, and every night Esteve climbed out of his coffin and walked out of the stifling tomb for a breath of fresh air. Who knows but that there were legends of a "ghost" in that graveyard, based on the vision of the fat little manufacturer wandering in his shroud in the moonlight through the "garden of the dead."

Then something upsetting happened. The edge of the graveyard was turned into an execution spot, not only because there was a stone wall to line the doomed men up against, but also because the graves were so convenient. As a result, Esteve was forced to hear the frightful screams of the victims as they were shot down. The little red flashes, that meant the rifles were being fired, looked to him on gray mornings like the teeth of some unseen monster gobbling his prey.

Esteve began to think of himself only in terms of that monster—would he, and if so, when would he become a morsel in its diet. His soliloquy strayed from the firing squad to the daily emancipation of his possible fate, the earnestness of his life in the tomb, all threatened his sanity until it was all he could do to keep himself from crying out and betraying himself.

But always, when he recovered from his terror, he could comfort himself that his sister still succeeded in the firing squad. Weeks passed, and still the insurgents did not achieve the victory for which he so desperately hoped. In the graveyard, the slaughter went on, making a sorry revenge for the manufacturer.

But nobody interfered with the sisters of Esteve, who brought him food each night. They went unobserved in a time when so many were dying, and when so many, like them, were bringing offerings for the dead.

The sisters did not dare speak through the door to their brother, for fear that they might be overheard. They could only hope that he was alive because the wreath were always empty of food the next day. Even in this, some Loyalist might be tricking them and taking the food; and they might actually be bringing flowers to a brother who was dead. They had no sure way of knowing, and it was a grievous time for them.

At last, after two months, the insurgents captured Malaga, and Senior Esteve came out of hiding. The merchant who had gone in ruddy and stout came out thin and pale, his eyes filled with fear. When he had entered, however, his hair was black. When he emerged, his own sisters didn't recognize him, for his hair was not black, nor gray—it was pure white.

A Family That Made A Fortune Out of Failing Down

A HUGE truck came roaring down the road. There was a scream, a grinding of brakes. A white figure lay in the road. Witnesses were produced, the woman was undoubtedly injured, and as a result, the "tragedy" was settled out of court at a good price.

The above drama happened not once but a dozen times on the "Falling Womack"—a family of eight who, with another woman, managed to have an incredible number of accidents happen to them.

Wherever they were riding, it was for a fall. The womacks dropped to the floors of buses at the least jolt, stumbled over electric light cords, nails, pencils and even perfume bottles that kept getting under their uncertain feet. They couldn't even ride in taxicabs without tumbling out. And usually, although the Womacks did the falling, it was someone else who was the "fall guy." Store owners repeatedly fell for the Womacks who operated under 90 assumed names. Trained like a vaudeville troupe, they made a success of their "show" by "fopping" all over a four-state circuit including Missouri, Illinois, Tennessee and Arkansas.

The other day, however, the law finally took a tumble to them and ended the business by putting the Womacks in jail for the next few years.

Specializing in tumblers performed before an audience, the Womacks testified in its behalf and, as a result, averaged \$70 a fall. Its membership included John Womack, 60 years old, his third wife, Mrs. Bertha Mae Womack, who is 36, his three daughters ranging in age from 32 to 38, and their husbands, Thomas, 28, John V. Ehrman, 38, and Joseph "Bull" Miller, 45. Last but not least came Miss Margaret Robinson, 34, a close friend of the family.

The four women were the stars of the troupe. According to testimony in Federal Court in East St. Louis, they collected during 1935 and 1936 put on their tumbling act 50 times. For 39 of the "shows," the government related, they took in \$2,085.

Mrs. Womack had the highest score of all, claiming injury eight times from street cars or buses, twice from taxicabs, three times in elevators, and five times in stores. Twice, she claimed, she was about to become a mother at the time of the "accident."

Second-place honors were divided between Mrs. Miller and Mrs. Feis, each with a score of 15 tumblers. Mrs. Feis seems to have expected the store at the time of six different tumblers. Mrs. Ehrman had only seven falls and two claims of "about-to-become-a-mother" attributed to her, while Miss Robertson scored four hurts.

A single injury often finishes the career of a husky football player, but the Womack women appear to have been made of sterner stuff. Mrs. Womack, for example, is on the record for ten injuries to her left hip and knee, and Mrs. Feis to her right knee and back. Mrs. Blanche Miller claimed injury to her right hip and leg nine times, and Mrs. Feis had a susceptible left hip that was damaged eight times.

In a tumbling act on the stage, the performers are usually dressed alike and move through their routine so fast they can hardly be told apart, and in this also, the Womacks were like a theatrical troupe on the stage. During the recesses in the fall, the Womacks women retired to the rest room and exchanged clothes with one another.

The Womacks were like a difficult troupe on the stage. Throughout the proceedings the men and women were constantly changing seats with one another, and this added to the confusion.

There was a grinding of Brakes and a Scram. A Woman Lay Prostrate in the Street, and Witnesses Blamed the Driver—But It Was Just Another Hoax by One of the "Falling Womacks."

covered they had made 65 other personal injury claims collected about \$7,000 from them. But these cases were not used by the Government because they did not involve use of the mails.

The "accident" that led to the arrest of the Womacks by the postal authorities was the injury of Mrs. Womack by a dairy truck in East St. Louis. She said it caused premature birth of her baby, who is now aged six and a half. John Womack had testified that the truck did not stop after hitting her.

And once, Mrs. Womack did not take the precaution of bracing herself for the act. Intermittent food signs of internal injuries. An obstetrician testified that an accident caused premature birth and consequent death of the child would be bound to leave a mark. The truck driver had not noticed that he hit anyone at the spot described.

John Womack got four years, and his wife and Mrs. Feis three years apiece, after being found guilty on 33 counts for using the mails to defraud and also on a conspiracy charge. The rest, found guilty on the conspiracy charge alone, received two years each.

"I see no virtue in any of these defendants," declared Federal Judge Fred L. Wham in passing sentence. "These girls have had so little opportunity to have been brought up as decent people but they do not appear to have any responsibility to society. However, society must be protected against them. The thing that astounded me was how these girls managed themselves by bringing in so many claims and submitted to these injuries being inflicted for so little money. I cannot understand the husbands who assisted their wives in these acts and accepted the money so obtained."

"Honestly, I did not believe such a situation could exist until I heard the evidence. I knew there were false claims being hammered at their cottages every day, but I had heard accidents that had not occurred, but to dream of an entire family deliberately carrying out a plan of premeditated accidents was beyond my experience."

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in their accident claims also, the Womacks left a confusing trail. The women loaned each other their husbands at times to help collect the claims. They had so many falls in fact, that they couldn't even keep track of them. One time an adjuster went to a St. Louis address to talk to Mrs. Mary Ann Womack, alias Mrs. Ehrman, regarding a furniture store fall. Mrs. Feis says alias Mrs. Womack was a witness.

He was astonished to be told by "Mrs. Kidmore," who opened the door, that he wanted to see "Mrs. Maye, she's the one that fell." He went to the bedside of Mrs. Womack and sure enough, the woman was registering pain. Between moans the wrong woman described the fall she had in the furniture store—only she was telling about a different store, which she thought the adjuster represented. He became still more bewildered when he recognized Mrs. Womack as a "Mrs. Lucille Arnold," to whom he had paid \$50 for another fall in a third furniture store. The claim, needless to say, was refused.

One accident wasn't even planned, but Mrs. Miller made the most of it when it happened. A bus in which she was riding escaped a street car in the St. Louis business section. All the passengers kept their seats except Mrs. Miller, who was sitting in the seat in front and collected \$150.

But, where Mrs. Womack and her sisters and Mrs. Womack made their big mistake was in getting into a correspondence over injuries. In trying to collect what they considered to be thousands by letter, they attracted the attention of Uncle Sam.

Assistant United States District Attorney declared that postal inspectors, investigating the Womacks, discovered that they had received two years each.

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Dadies Who See The Doctor

FEW psychiatrists can boast as many patients as the Polish-born Dr. Stephan Kasimir Radwan-Praglowsky. He has a list of clients as long and complicated as his name, including a couple of Indian maharajahs—and he actually hasn't seen many of them for years, although he "calls" on them regularly.

The trick sounds like some hocus-pocus from the black arts, but it's all very modern and, according to the doctor, both practical and scientific. He does it with photographs. This method of treating the mental and physical ills of patients is called "Psychophony"—and the last syllable of the name has been the butt of many a disparaging remark by doubting Thomases who have little faith in psychiatry.

Dr. Radwan-Praglowsky, in answer to the scoffers, points to his numerous personal followers, especially the powerful and immensely wealthy potentates of India—and continues to dispense his particular brand of "absent treatment" on records made of special material so that the hypnotic persuasiveness of his baritone voice is perfectly reproduced.

Here's a sample of psychophony as set down for a patient suffering from a heart and lung ailment, and living a long way from the doctor's office in Calcutta: "Close your eyes. Breathe deeply, evenly, deeply. Concentrate on what I say. When you have counted to seven with me, you will have the strength to do just what I am telling you. Then repeat it all with me. One, two, three, four, five, six, seven. My strength is returning day by day. All of me is well again. Going smoothly, smoothly, smoothly. I am looking forward to complete recovery, with faith and confidence. Faith. Confidence. My mind and my nerves are relaxed and at ease. I am completely relaxed and at ease. My spirit, my body are one. They concentrate on harmony, on strength and power to resist. My sleep is calm and deep all night. Calm and deep all night. My heart and lungs are in harmony. My body works with

them in harmony. My powers of resistance and my well-being increase."

All this is delivered monotonously, in a rich, soothing voice filled with conviction. Critics of the method refer to it as "sacred hypnotism," but the Polish psychiatrist points, as calmly as he talks to his patients, to the numerous case histories of "cures" filed in his office.

The records by which the doctor's patients see him by photograph are varied according to the ailment of the patient. The same soothing note of faith and confidence pervades each disc slipped out of the doctor's busy office, but instead of "heart and lungs" such words as "kidneys," "liver," "headache" and "nervous" may be substituted.

The psychiatrist is careful to explain that no amount of mental suggestion will do any good in cases where there are organic diseases that call for surgery and medical treatment. But he does insist that a calm and confident mental state is the first essential in many cases of illness and that a great many supposed physical ills exist only in the troubled mind of the patient.

The secret of Dr. Radwan-Praglowsky's success, which is frankly admitted by some of his colleagues, is the confidence and the will to get well that is steadily built up in the patient's mind through the power of suggestion.

"A positive and healthy mental attitude," says the psychiatrist, "is the first essential step to recovery. The tie-up between the brain and the body is so close that whatever affects one affects the other. A person can think himself into a state of ill health without having the slightest trace of organic disease. On the other hand, a physical condition can be improved and sometimes cleared up by first getting the patient into a mental state that is conducive to physical well-being."

The Polish psychiatrist does not claim that he has invented anything new. He knows that there are several doctors on the Continent who are using the same methods of psychophony. He is, in the semi-precious stones, the beryl, and was virtually of no use until modern science found a relatively inexpensive way to obtain it by electrolysis from the oxides in which it occurs in Nature.

The fact that he is retained by the Maharajah of Kapurthala and the Maharajah of Patiala, and is thrown into the spotlight, however, and given wide publicity to his clever way of influencing ailing people with the potency of hypnotic suggestion, is a fact that he does not throw into the spotlight.

In the past few years the doctor has prescribed by his recordings for several hundred people who never have looked on his face. They sent him a list of their symptoms. He diagnosed the trouble and made up a set of records to fit the case in hand.

The friend and counselor of maharajahs, and many lesser potentates in India, does not have a great deal of faith in the well-known system of the late French psychologist, Emile Coue. He's the man who gained world-wide fame through his phrase that he inspired thousands of people to repeat over and over: "Day by day, in every way, I am getting better and better."

In some cases the cheery and positive words helped discouraged and nervous people to get away from their troubles, real or imaginary. But says Dr. Radwan-Praglowsky, few sick and unhappy people are able to make use of all their will-power; they are not under the influence of some compelling personality.

By the use of psychophony records he is able to "bring home" his own understanding and compelling personality.

"Lost Arts" Of The Ancients—Just Another Twisted Myth?

THERE is a popular notion that master craftsmen of antiquity, by the use of arts long since forgotten, were able to produce paper and cloth and metals of a quality far above the power of modern industry to duplicate. The story of which gets a hearing in the popular laboratories of copper, for example, are generally supposed to have been lost irretrievably about the time some of the later Ptolemies were wound up in flax wrappings and tucked into their tombs.

"The chemistry of the most ancient period had reached a point which we have never even approached, and which we are only now beginning to reach today," said the eloquent Wendell Phillips with a sigh in one of his most popular lectures sixty years or so ago.

Some of his successors have expanded the theme, picturing ancient-day industrial scientists biting their lips in baffled rage as they strive futilely in countless laboratories to match the achievements of their long-vanished predecessors.

"This whole theory of the 'lost arts of the ancients' as applied to manufacturing is almost completely bogus," says R. H. McCarrroll, in charge of chemical and metallurgical engineering for the Ford Motor Company. "Either the ancients were never excited or the products of them can be duplicated easily, and generally much improved, by modern methods. That goes for Damascus steel and most of the rest of it."

"What about hard copper? Well, you can see how much of a 'lost secret' it is when I tell you we make several hundred pounds of it every month. This copper is so hard

it could actually be used to forge steel, much harder than any produced by the ancients that has come to light so far. This hard copper is made by using an alloy the little-known element beryllium which until a few years ago cost \$100 a pound. It is found in the semi-precious stones, the beryl, and was virtually of no use until modern science found a relatively inexpensive way to obtain it by electrolysis from the oxides in which it occurs in Nature.

Beryllium still costs around \$30 a pound, but only a small quantity is required to give the copper the desired strength. This means that it is now possible to make a year ago and beryllium copper now has many industrial uses. One of them is for making non-sparking hammers and other tools necessary in industrial processes where sparks might create an explosion hazard.

As for any "lost art" in tempering copper or bronze, this is a copper-tin alloy, the ancients did not have any such mysterious skill to be lost according to the late Professor William Gowland of the Royal School of Mines, who said: "The castings of knives, swords, and so forth, generally were hammered at their cutting edge, and it is this hammering, and to it only, that the increased hardness of the cutting edges of both copper and bronze weapons is due, and not to any method of tempering. Much has been written about the so-called art of tempering bronze, supposed to have been practiced by the men of the Bronze Age in their manufacture of weapons; the hardness is also said to have been due to the presence of phosphorus. I should like to correct this error... the ordinary bronze of today can be made as hard as any of prehistoric times, by simple hammering alone."

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Lady Manton Gets Her Wedding Presents Back



Could Lose Her Noble Husband in Dignified Silence, but When He Tried to Sell the Once-

Romantic Mementoes of Happier Days That Wouldn't Fit in His New Honeymoon Flat—Well, Patience Ceased to Be a Virtue

Lord Manton, Who Insisted the Wedding Presents Belonged to Him.

"How'er it be, it seems to me. 'Tis only noble to be good."

—TENNYSON

BUT the noble Lord Manton, one of England's richest peers, forgot these words of Lord Tennyson, when he came home in his car to Melton Mowbray and confessed to his lovely young wife that he had been far from good, in fact downright naughty, with a rival.

Such ignoble behavior broke the heart of Alethea, Lady Manton, through whose veins flows blue blood even than her husband's. She belongs to the Langdales, one of the oldest families in the North of England, with ancestors playing prominent parts from earliest English history. The Langdales have died on many a battlefield and it is the family tradition to die without a moan.

In the same way, without a scene or an outcry, Lady Manton took her heart-stab and with her little son, the Honorable Joseph Watson, heir to the title, went back to her parents, Lieut. Colonel Philip Joseph Langdale and his wife at Houghton Hall, Yorkshire. There was no play for sympathy, no ringing accusations, no threats of divorce or other attempts at vengeance. She simply went into retirement, devoting herself to training the little Honorable Joseph to be a truly noble Lord.

This dignified attitude, so different from his own frivolity, should have touched an answering chord in the heart of Lord Manton and it did. After a few months, presumably alone in his castle, except for his servants, with unspoken reproach in their eyes, His Lordship begged the Lady he had wronged to forgive him and come back, reminding her that:

"To err is human, to forgive divine."

And Lady Manton did return, graciously, as befitting one of noblest lineage. Good had triumphed over evil, as it should, and joy reigned in the castle, but not for long. After about a month the servants said that something was wrong. The master was away in London and the mistress, with a haunted look, was going about her duties like a ghost. Lord Manton, having recovered so easily what he had lost, apparently no longer valued it. He had said that he would be as good as dead again, with a curt statement by Lord Manton that he had stayed there with her rival. Having placed this evidence in her hands would she please no longer delay the divorce!

Lord Manton had touched Lady Manton's weak spot, her pride. The Langdales can suffer death but not humiliation. Lady Alethea left for the second time, taking her son, her clothes and



In a Damage Suit, Mrs. Player's Value As a Wife Was Figuratively Weighed Against the Noble Lord's Fascination—and Declared to Be a Beggarly \$17,500.

almost nothing else. As quietly as possible she obtained the divorce, asking only the custody of the child.

No rich and prominent man ever got rid of a loving and blameless wife more decorously or inexpensively, and nobody expected that Lord Manton would ever hear from her again. But before the decree became final things began to happen which so infuriated the patient Gracinda that she finally jumped down from her pedestal of nobility and proved that she was just a human woman after all.

Lord Manton in his confession had not revealed the other woman's name. For this his wife respected him, nor did she send detectives on his trail or ask friends. Somehow, the peevish had gotten the impression that her rival was a personage, her own social equal in every way. Quite likely His Lordship had not deliberately misrepresented things and the idea was her own assumption that it would take a very exalted woman to eclipse herself. It was unthinkable that her husband would discard her for someone of lower caste.

To Lady Alethea's dismay and mortification she learned from the papers that this was all wrong. A few months ago John Dane Player, of Fria's Well, Warraby, not far from the castle on Burrow Hill, brought suit for divorce against his wife, Mrs. Leila Joan Player, naming Lord Manton as co-respondent. So that was the woman, a commoner and wife of a commoner, though he was the wealthy son of a British tobacco magnate.

Such was the woman to whom she had so generously surrendered her husband, that her own father should not be enriched by shameless publicity. Her sacrifices had been in vain, for now it was all coming out and the boy would know of his father's misbehavior. Worse than that, this divorce case attracted worldwide interest because of unusual features. Mr. Player, though a rich man, was so insignificant that Lord Manton had taken such advantage of his trust and friendship, that he tried to punish him in the only way legally possible, by collecting damages for the wrong.

Justice Langdon, presiding at the trial, told the jury that they must not award punitive damages but only assess an amount equal to what the loss of the wife's affections was really worth. However, in estimating the

damages, the judge told them that, they might consider whether the wife-stalker had used the glimmer of a title. Justice Langdon said:

"A correspondent who uses a superior status with which to dazzle the woman he seduces has added to the sufferings of the husband and you are entitled to take that into account in assessing damages."

Even if nothing was added for using the unfair weapon of a title against an untitled commoner, the value of a woman who could lure the affections of Lord Manton away from Lady Manton, ought to have been worth a fabulous sum to her rightful husband, certainly not less than several million dollars or so perhaps Lady Manton thought. To make sure the jury would not cut down the damages, due to any feeling that a wronged husband should not profit financially from his wife's misconduct, Mr. Player pledged himself to give every penny of it to some organized charity.

In spite of all that the jury could not see how Mrs. Player could be worth more than a beggarly \$17,500 and that was all the wealthy Lord Manton had to pay for unlawfully removing Mrs. Player from her husband's happy home far less than he would be required to pay for removing a race horse from his stables.

The world was surprised at this low valuation. Mr. Player was shocked. Lord Manton smiled but Lady Manton was crushed. If the woman for whom his Lordship had discarded her was worth such a trifling sum in cash, in the eyes of a jury, then she, the deserted woman, must be of even less value.

Still the Peerses suffered in silence. There was the comforting thought that at least Lord Manton would not marry and enoble Mrs. Player with his title. But even that was dashed. He did marry the former Mrs. Player the moment both decrees had become final.

This filled the cup of Alethea's bitterness to the brim. Tennyson had not warned the world that being noble and good would bring such cruel punishments instead of rewards. But the poet laureate had lived in an age when

The Second Lady Manton.

Formerly Mrs. Leila Joan Player.

there was more respect for decent living.

One more drop of gall and Alethea's cup would overflow. That drop, when it fell, was a tiny one, compared with all the rest she had endured, but it was enough. The last time she left the castle, Lady Manton had taken little more than her wardrobe. If she had not cared to collect substantial alimony from the man who had broken her heart, neither did she think she wanted the wedding presents which had been given them, mostly by her parents.

These would have been only souvenirs of disillusionment, as she left them there in the castle, apparently caring little at the time what was done with them.

Had Lord Manton taken his new bride to the castle, Alethea might not have been acutely conscious of her presents scattered as they were among ancient heirlooms and numerous other furnishings of the place. But the Lord and his new Lady preferred to move into a spacious London apartment, perhaps fearing that the people of Melton Mowbray might not be cordial to the noble newweds.

The wronged and discarded wife had no objection until she heard that Lord Manton was planning to sell all of her wedding presents that wouldn't fit into his London love-nest. That was too much. The long-suffering woman jumped from her martyr's pedestal right into the courts with a replevin suit to make him give back the gifts.

Wealthy Lord Manton had been a lucky man, financially. His loyal wife had let him go almost Scott-free, instead of helping herself to one-third of his income in alimony, as well she might. A jury had marked down the value of a stolen wife to a ridiculous bargain price so now he could well afford a generous gesture in not contesting ownership of those articles which, after all, amounted to only a few thousand dollars in value.

But, to everyone's amazement, he did not contest the suit but testi-

fied in court. Among other things, the following items were listed:

Bath mats, cushion covers; salt cellars; silver tray; six fish knives; set of racing calendars; two "Adam" tables; Italian carved ballroom furniture; four poster bed; other bedroom furniture; silver tea set, Chinese vase; square soft down pillow; silver racing cups; artificial flowers; clocks; books; income burner; sugar canister; table spoons; painting of favorite horse and dog.

Lord Manton's defense was that he had given Alethea her annuity in lieu of all wedding gifts and that some of the articles had been bought for the house, not the wife. This argument was not without some plausibility for some items such as bath mats and table spoons, but when he applied it to paintings of his wife's favorite horse and pet dog, Mr. Bosanquet, Official Referee asked:

"What earthly use were they to you?"

Lord Manton—They were paintings of animals about the place.

HEATHSTONE VIEW CO.

The First Lady Manton, Who Uncomplainingly Let Mrs. Player Have Her Noble Husband, but Wasn't Willing to Let Her Enjoy Her Bridal Gifts.

Mr. Bosanquet—All I can say is I have never heard of such a thing before. I have often heard of a husband having his wife's favorite animals painted as a present to his wife, but that a husband should order his wife's favorite dog and have to be painted and then say, "That's mine and I am going to stick to it whatever happens," seems extraordinary.

When the decision was handed down ordering all but four insignificant articles to be returned to Alethea, Lord Manton was not in court. With his new Lady, he was attending the Derby where, as usual, he was lucky, picking the winner. He was in the act of cashing in far more than the value of the property in question, when a reporter brought him word that he had lost his suit. Seeing the huge bundle of money going into His Lordship's pockets the reporter suggested that he was to be congratulated anyhow.

"Oh, dear me no!" answered the noble Lord, with a pained expression "I should have won both."

Seaside Polo on Two-Wheeled "Ponies"

Miss Sylvia Young is the High Goal Scorer of Oregon's Seaside Polo Players.



Bike Polo, Played With Croquet Mallets and Balls, Is Fast Becoming a Major Sport at Gearhart Beach, Oregon. The Hard Sand Makes an Excellent Field for the Players on Their Mechanical Steeds. Frequent Spills Add to the Thrills of the Game for Players and Spectators.

IF THE hard-riding East Indian soldiers who popularized polo and introduced it to the white sabots of the British Army ever suspected what their favorite game would come to, they probably would express themselves somewhat feelingly upon the subject. They never considered the rough and tumble sport one which women would adopt, especially pretty ones in bathing suits.

Nevertheless a group of attractive misses of Gearhart Beach, Oregon, enjoy their own version of the ancient game with some very modern accessories. Using bicycles for mounts, croquet mallets and balls for implements, they wheel over the hard

packed sandy beach in a game which is exciting both to participants and spectators.

To play seaside polo, a girl has to be a skillful cyclist as the three young women in the accompanying photograph Louise Jobe, Sylvia Young and Eleanor Strigell have demonstrated on many occasions. As the beach is wide enough to furnish an adequate playing field, they have evolved a game which does not depend quite so much upon team work as regular polo does, but puts a premium upon the riding ability and follow-through of the individual

player. As many as four may play in this version of the game, goals being set North, South, East and West at a distance of a hundred yards from the center of the field. The ball is then placed in the middle of the field and each of the participants tries to hit it to her own goal line. From then on fast and skillful poling decides the issue.

When one is successful in directing the play towards her particular goal, the others team up temporarily to intercept her. Then when the danger is over, it's each girl for herself again.



The Live Cat, Cat of the Port of Mort, Walton, of Droyton Plains, Michigan, Can't Seem to Understand Why the Porcelain Feline Doesn't Relax and Have Some Fun.

Lost 72 Pounds and Made a New Man of Himself

THOUSANDS of people who are overtaken by the dream of the day when they will be slim again. They go to parties, take pills, spend long hours looking at themselves in the mirror, bore their friends still talking about their condition and live awake nights worrying.

William Seybold, a 52-year-old Milwaukee, Wisconsin, street car conductor, is one of the few who actually have succeeded in realizing their dream of slenderness. Recently he explained how he did it in Vitality Review, a non-profit-making organization which by getting people to tell without cost or obligation about their health experiences is collecting data on the best ways to stay healthy and prolong life.

Hoping that his story would benefit others, Seybold became a registrant of Vitality Review, writing to its offices at 26 West 44th Street, New York City, and filling out the health questionnaire that was sent to him.

He first saw the health light, he says, in 1933, when he carried numerous ailments along with his burden of fat. He had "negative heart action, chronic insomnia and chronic eczema." He also was a chronic patent medicine taker.

Today, fat, ailments and medicine have all disappeared, and this has happened without resort to violent or crank measures.

He has concentrated on exercise and diet. Of the former he says: "I began with a course of calisthenics, stressing abdominal exercises. These exercises, which I still follow, are described in two books one by the New York trainer, Artie McGovern called 'The Secret of Keeping Fit' and the other, 'The Culture of the Abdomen' by Frederick Hornbrook."

"At first I did quite a lot of walking, starting out easily and increasing the distance daily until I could cover a distance of 10 or 12 miles at a rapid rate without showing any fatigue. For 15 months I averaged about 45 miles a week. I also took up swimming as the age of 47. I spent about two hours daily at a beach, getting plenty of fresh air and sunshine, lying or walking around on the beach, and taking instruction until I could swim for 35 minutes at a stretch.

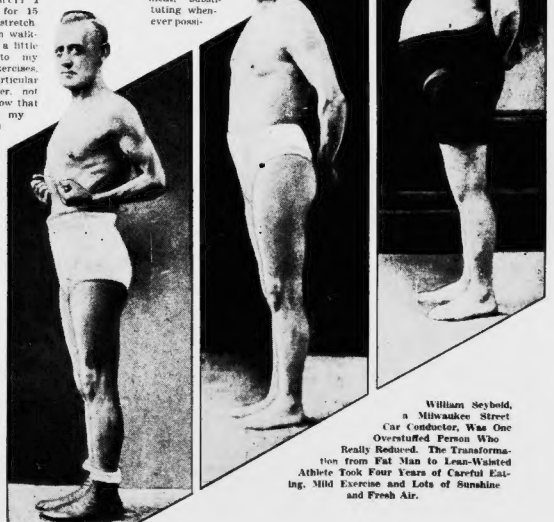
"Just as in walking, I added a little each day to my swimming exercises, taking particular care, however, not to overdo. Now that I have got my weight down to where I want it, I take less

exercise than when I was getting it down. At present, I take a short, mild workout three times a week, get all the fresh air and sunshine I can, take short snappy walks, and eat sensibly. With this routine I find no trouble in keeping my weight at about normal. I now weigh 153, 72 pounds less than when I started reducing five years ago, and have not varied a pound in several months."

"Eating sensibly" is the second big item of Seybold's program. He never eats between meals. And at the table, he cuts down on all sweets, starches, white bread, potatoes, and meat, substituting whenever possible

ble, whole wheat bread, stewed fruits and vegetables. "Most of my food is cooked or stewed," he says, "and the juices are saved for me."

"The best tonic for most people," he says, "doesn't cost a cent. If you are not too lazy to take a daily dose. It is called 'fresh air and sunshine.'"



William Seybold, a Milwaukee Street Car Conductor, Was One Overstuffed Person Who Really Reduced. The Transformation from Fat Man to Lean-Waisted Athlete Took Four Years of Careful Eating, Mild Exercise and Lots of Sunshine and Fresh Air.

Curiosity Didn't Kill This Cat

THEY are not only the most curious cat in the town of Droyton Plains, Michigan, but now he is the most puzzled one. He belongs to Mortimer Walton who also possesses a large and decorative porcelain feline which he recently purchased in stand guard at the entrance to his front door.

From the moment the porcelain cat arrived in a large cardboard box, Toby's curiosity was overwhelming. But, unlike the porcelain cat that was killed because it got too "nosey," no harm befell this curious feline. When he saw a "cat" and supercilious looking cat in the box, he was perfectly willing to make friends. Here, he probably thought, is a boon companion to share my catnip and my mouse hunting.

But the porcelain cat failed to respond to his overtures. Even when Toby gave him a brotherly kiss, as shown in the accompanying picture, the new arrival remained cold and aloof. He would be neither a friend nor foe, an attitude which has left Toby an exceedingly puzzled cat.

Colon trouble you?—Maybe It's Your Conscience

Or You May Have Changed Your Politics Recently, Shifted Sects, or Betrayed a Confidence—New Discoveries of How Emotions Affect a Very Important Organ and the Only Way to Stop It From Being Panicky and Nervous Seems to Be to Quiet Your Mind



A Political Argument—a 19th Century Drawing by the American Artist, H. M. Brett. The Lover of the Argument, if Convinced of His Error and Changing His Politics, Might Suffer Colonic Disturbances as a Result.

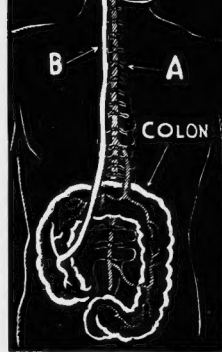


Diagram Showing How Two Sets of Unconscious Nerves Run From the Brain to the Colon; One Set (A) Through the Spinal Cord, Another Set (B) Through the Vagus Nerve. Both Energized From the Lower Brain, the Seat of the Subconscious and Are Unreasonably Affected by Emotions of Various Kinds in the Thinking Centers. Thus Altering the Rhythm of Various Vital Organs Whose Muscles They Control, Including the Colon.

MORE Americans probably are troubled about their colons than about anything else, even their bank accounts.

Sometimes that unruly organ works too sluggishly or not at all, and constipation is the result. Sometimes the colon works all too well or too continuously, and resulting troubles require other medicines or a visit to the doctor.

And now come two of the most distinguished physicians in the United States, Dr. E. G. Wakefield and Dr. Charles W. Mayo, of the famous Mayo Clinic at Rochester, Minnesota, to tell the American Medical Association that there is nothing the matter with many of these upset American colons except the owners' distress of mind.

Pain, digestive disturbances, various irregularities of the colon's action and a whole lot of similar symptoms bring thousands of people who prove on careful medical examination, to have nothing really wrong with their digestive machinery.

For many of these sufferers, Dr. Wakefield and Dr. Mayo told the recent convention of the Medical Association in San Francisco, it usually will be found that "at some recent or remote time in the past history, insufficient rest, fear, anxiety or failure of relaxation has been operative. The beginning of the first serious disturbance of habit is often occasioned by sickness, accident, loss of money, property or job, death of a relative, migration, or change of party, church or occupation."

"The onset of a diarrhea or constipation at such a time is perplexing. This is what remedy is tried, and if no results are obtained, the crises which originally initiated the inefficient rest and relaxation may be forgotten and the patient may become unadjusted socially on account of the colonic symptoms. All of this is important to the physician because intelligent management of the colonic disorders during a crisis will prevent many of the patients from becoming maladjusted and certainly will decrease the number of colonic invalids seen in the demoralized fraction of society."

Life is harder on people a colon than it used to be in the good old days because there were so many distractions, changes and worries.

"Man has done much," the Mayo doctors continue, "to stabilize the physical factors of his environment, but in doing this he has imposed on himself a most exacting competitive and machine-like routine of life. He lives by accounting for his time on time clocks, trading at bargain counters and pecking his bills on the installment plan."

"As though this mechanical exist-

Old Print of an Early "Camp Meeting." The Strong Emotions Aroused by the Evangelist Disturb the Nerves Controlling the Movements of the Colon, Altering Their Rhythm and Often Producing Distressing Effects.

ence was not enough, he is haunted by the desires and ambitions of his family. By contrasting this environment with the sullen existence of primitive man, without routine, who gained his power, influence and worldly possessions by means of the race, one may gain an idea of the over-changing conditions in which the human species lives.

Intrigue and politics are not physically dangerous but they may serve as effectively as the mare to produce disabilities. Environmental changes may be definitely derogatory. The girl from the carefree life of a home in the small town who is forced to earn her living away from home and live in cramped quarters with limited bathroom facilities is almost certain to become constipated."

Like many other organs of the body, and even like the mind itself, the colon works best when everything is quiet, comfortable and regular. "One must remember," Dr. Wakefield and Dr. Mayo write, "that no patient lives into himself. Whatever interrupts the smooth running of his personal affairs may be reflected by colonic symptoms."

All of which is intended to be, and is, a message of hope. Some of the people with serious irregularity or other troubles of their colons may be suffering from some actual disease of the bowel or the other organs concerned. If so, a careful medical examination is reasonably sure to disclose this and to make possible its successful treatment. If there is no such actual disease of the organs, the chances are that the trouble is mental, and usually all that is necessary to cure this is to understand it.

A troubled conscience, death of friends or relatives, losses of money, forced changes to uncongenial occupations, all are misfortunes that may happen to anybody. They naturally create many elements of distress.

Many people make shifts from one church denomination to another at the behest of conscience, or change from life-long Republicans to convinced Democrats or vice versa, as a result of some change in conditions or in personal convictions. All such changes of habit, connections or friends mean a serious wrench, but most people take this only for a mental phenomenon. If its news that such changes also may upset one's digestive organs.

Anyone who has been deluded by a

trusted friend is entitled to be distressed, still more so if a person himself has done some act for which he is ashamed, like acting as the double-crosser of some friend who has been trusting him. Distress or punishment are natural and just, but what Dr. Wakefield and Dr. Mayo have to add is that the distress in one case and part of the punishment in the other may take the form of a colon becoming either too lazy or too excitable.

"Alternating periods of constipation and diarrhea are not uncommon," they report, "but the outstanding symptom usually is either one or the other."

In many ways the colon is a part of the human digestive machinery no longer necessary. Indeed, some of the meat-eating animals, such as cats and dogs, have gone farther in getting rid of their colons than has man.

All this is believed by evolutionists to be merely a matter of diet. Meat and many other easily-digested foods, such as starch and sugar, are digested completely in the upper part of the bowel and in the stomach. The lower bowel or colon is needed chiefly by the grass-eating or leaf-eating animals, a large part of whose food is locked up inside the plant tissues composed largely of the chemical substance called cellulose, the same material that is taken out of trees or other plants and used to make ordinary paper.

Age ago, man's animal ancestors probably were little tree creatures living partly on insects and partly on the fruits, leaves and bark of the trees



The Vineyard and the Uncharitable Spinster With the Cuck—From a Caricature by Cruikshank, the Famous English Cartoonist. An Unhappy Mental State Probably Started Her Digestive Disturbances.

Dr. Wakefield and Dr. Mayo is the fact that the walls of the colon can move. Muscles in these walls contract and relax at intervals and in more or less complicated ways. Originally, these motions probably were for the purpose of churning the contents of the colon continually, so that the bacteria might get mixed perfectly with all the hay and similar foods and absorbable food materials extracted.

Nowadays, the chief duty of the movements of the colon probably is to push along the final waste materials and food debris, so that this may pass through the body with reasonable speed and be disposed of. If the movements of the colon were confined, as some of them are, to those created by nervous stimuli inside the colon itself, such as the pressure or touch of a mass of more or less digested food, the mind would have nothing to say about it and changing one's politics or one's religion probably would leave the colon entirely unconcerned.

Fortunately or unfortunately, this is not the case. Some of the most powerful and continual movements of the colon are directed not by local nerve centers, but by some which are far away in the spinal cord or even in the lower part of the brain.

Once it was thought that there are only two kinds of nerves, the so-called sensory nerves, that bring messages into the brain from the eyes, the touch nerves of the fingers or other sources; and the motor nerves, over which the brain sends messages to make the muscles move. Now it is known that there are at least two entirely different sets of nerves, also carrying some messages inward and taking other messages outward, but which do not ordinarily report to the conscious brain at all.

A tumor in one part of the brain can act, for example, to cause an ulcer of the stomach. What happens, it now is believed, is that unconscious nerve messages set up by the presence of the tumor go to the stomach and act on the blood vessels in that organ's wall so that the blood supply in a part of the stomach lining is damaged or even may cease to circulate. So long as the blood is circulating, the stomach lining is all right, but when that vigorous circulation stops the lining begins to dissolve in its own gastric juice, and what is called an ulcer is produced.

Distress of mind seems to work in some way to have about the same

effects, for it is found that people who are mentally unhappy or upset are more likely than other people to develop stomach ulcers.

What probably is happening all the time is that millions of nerve messages are pouring into the brain continually from the stomach, the colon and other internal organs, but seldom or never reach the level of consciousness. A person sitting on a chair and reading an interesting book or newspaper really is receiving in his brain thousands of messages from the touch nerves in his skin where the chair is touching him, heat messages from other nerves that tell him whether the room is hot or cold, and so on. If there happens to be a pin in the chair, the message to that effect usually is strong enough to break through the brain recognizes it and orders a rise, but ordinarily the weaker messages do not get through. But if the sitter, instead of being interested in a book and comfortable in his mind, is worried or distressed about something, he is likely to react about it and find it impossible to be comfortable.

Everything begins to fidget, both the ordinary muscles controlled by the conscious nerves and the colon or other organs controlled by the unconscious ones. Indeed, it is a common experience that the organs supplied by these unconscious nerves are likely to do more forgetting than the others, perhaps precisely because everything that they do is unconscious and cannot involve a proper judgment about the relative importance of different things.

The heart is likely to beat irregularly or to suffer spells of palpitation. Flow of blood through the great vessels is disturbed. The stomach contracts violently or relaxes completely or may do both in rapid succession. The colon shares the general excitement, contracts or relaxes abnormally and causes constipation or diarrhea.

One cure is to remove the mental trouble that has started everything. If a man has changed churches or political parties and upset his colon, he may be able to parry it by changing back. Certainly, if he has double-crossed a friend, both his colon and his conscience will be quieted if he repairs the wrong.

But sometimes this is impossible. Perhaps the sufferer is so certain that he was right to change parties or denominations that to change back again would make his unconscious mind still more distressed and his colon trouble worse instead of better. In such instances, a usual remedy is explanation. If the patient cannot understand exactly what is going on and how his colon has got in an unnecessary panic over something that will not really harm it, the mind usually manages to send measuring nerve messages to the excited organ, so that its undue subsides and its regularity returns.

Not every case of chronic constipation can be cured in this way by reassurance of a panicky and nervous colon, but it is the theory of Dr. Wakefield and Dr. Mayo that many of them can be, or that many can be avoided altogether by keeping one's mind calm.

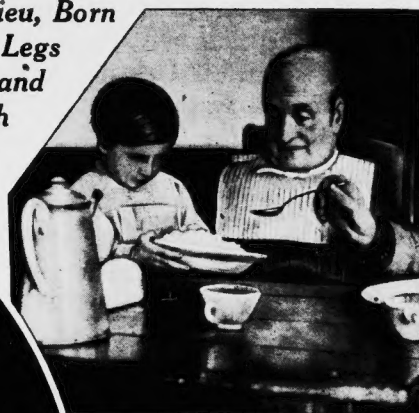
One interesting fact is that those nervous people who are prone to panic and thin people rather than thick ones, and to brunettes rather than blondes, although nobody knows why this is true, but a lot can be done to help any body's colon, blonde or brunette, by keeping the mind as calm and equable as possible. If mental trouble does not necessarily develop, the patient may easily reconcile himself to the symptoms and not be unduly upset.

Look—and Be Ashamed If You Pity Yourself

Unconquerable Spirit of Pierre Mathieu, Born With the Handicap of No Arms, Legs or Hips, Yet Supports Himself and Family by Making Toys With His Teeth



Pierre Begins the Day—Since His Mother Died a Neighbor Comes in and Dresses Him, Which Consists Largely of Slipping Him Into a Bag.



And This Is Pierre at Supper—a Little Niece Holds His Plate While the Hand of His Father Is Lifting a Spoon to His Son's Lips.



Pierre's Father, Now 84 Years Old, Lifts Him From His Chair and Carries Him Out Through the Door of the Cottage for His Morning "Walk."



And This Is Pierre, Only Head and Part of a Torso, at His Work-Bench: His Mouth His Only "Hands," Carving a Toy Chair; Beside Him Are the Tools His Own Brain Evolved to Fit His Handicaps; He Uses Pinchers, Chisels, Even the Little Hammer, and Everything He Makes Has the Touch of the True Artist.



After Supper, Pierre Enjoys a Cigarette, Which His Father Puts in His Mouth and Lights for Him—Here Again Is Shown the Far Beyond Average Size of the Head and the Features Molded by an Unusual Mind.



The Home-Made Perambulator Which Has Been His Carriage for Almost 60 Years—Waits Him, and the Elder Mathieu Lifts Him, Like a Great Doll, Into It.



Being Less Than Half a Man Has Not Made Pierre Gloomy; He Is Always Cheerful, a Great Reader and Sophisticated Far Beyond His Peasant Family and Neighbors; To Be Noted Is the Superior Development of His Skull and the Size of His Head, Which Is Almost One-Third Larger Than Those Around Him.

"Self-pity is an evil thing. But Courage brings eternal spring." —Unknown Author (about 1580).

WHEN Pierre Mathieu discovered that he was born unlike any other man in the world—without arms, legs or hips, less than half a man in fact—he did not pity himself, but started to make the best of what he had.

So successful was he that for 48 years he has supported himself in comfort, not by exhibiting himself as a freak but by his skill as a toy-maker. He is now 60 years old and has been working profitably since he was 12. For more than ten years he has also sup-

ported his father and mother, the latter of whom died recently. This extraordinarily brave man lives at Tertre de Carentoir, a hamlet near the village of La Gacilly, Department of Morbihan, France. He is a native of the village, which is in the old province of Brittany.

The photographs prove clearly how cruelly Pierre has been deprived of his limbs by Nature. It is surprising, indeed, that he should have lived at all in this condition, for he is just head and torso—little more than a bust.

One of the many interesting things

(Continued on Page 17)



The End of the Day—Pierre in His Little Baldachin Bed, With a Sacred Picture Looking Down Upon Him.

Locked in a Tower to Make Sure He'll Wed a Princess

The Rajah of Sikar Wanted His Son to Marry a Girl He Never Saw, But His Imprisonment Meant Rebellion Against a Powerful Chief, and an "Arabian Nights" War Seemed Almost Certain Until Scotch Kilts Worked Magic



The Hall of Winds, a Fantastic Feature of the Maharajah of Jaipur's \$50,000,000 "Singing Palace." Where He Fretted for Weeks and Finally Decided to Declare War on the Rajah of Sikar Because He Had Locked Up His Son.

JAIPIUR, July 6.

IN his fortress palace with drawbridge raised and 20,000 fierce Rajput warriors guarding the locked gates, the shrunken old Rajah of Sikar nursed his revenge. His devoted Ranees staged a hunger strike and his people were in a state of rebellion, all because the Rajah's overlord, the young and powerful Maharajah of Jaipur, had invited Sikar's Crown Prince, 16-year-old Raj Kumar, to go with him on a polo-playing tour of England.

The Rajah was particularly annoyed because he saw in the trip a scheme to prevent his son from marrying the Crown Princess of Dharanagadhra. He knew that very often young Indian princes went to England, stayed there to marry some attractive foreigner, and liked European society so much that they hated to leave.

The Hindu religion insists marriage one of the most sacred duties to be performed at the earliest possible moment and repeated frequently. The great object of life is to leave sons and, although the Rajah had one, the Raj Kumar seemed indifferent to his duty as a future father, and the old man was taking no chances. He wanted a grandson, for the laws of Manu say: "Through a son man gains heaven; through the son of a son he gains immortality, through the son of his grandson he may reach the abode of the sun." The old Rajah wanted to get all that was coming to him.

The Maharajah of Jaipur feels pretty much the same way. Although he's only 28 years old, he has two wives, beautiful, slender, graceful Hindu girls, both Princesses of Jodhpur. He liked the young Raj and thought it would be nice if the boy married one of his relatives from Jodhpur. It would be a good alliance and because the girls were modern and educated in Western ways they would be a great help when the Raj succeeded his father in bringing a more advanced culture to Sikar.

But the Rajah didn't see things that way at all. He had been brought up in isolation, married to the girl his father had chosen, and he was determined that his son should follow in his footsteps. The Raj didn't have much choice but to obey. He had never seen the Princess his father had chosen for him and wouldn't see her until after the bride day, for all Hindu girls are "purdah" or veiled until after marriage. All he wanted to do was to go to England and play polo with his friend, the Maharajah, and maybe "look around a bit to broaden his outlook," as the Maharajah had suggested.

The trouble began when the Maharajah heard about the Rajah's plan to keep his son a virtual captive until the day of marriage. He thought the young Prince, too inexperienced to marry and besides he was marrying a

girl that the Maharajah, as overlord of Sikar, hadn't officially approved. The Rajah was afraid that his overlord might interfere in his careful plans. No one was going to flout his parental authority, even though he had sworn an oath of loyalty to the Maharajah, for Sikar is a small dependent state within the borders of Jaipur.

Very courteously the old Rajah sent a brief note to his feudal lord regretting that in view of his son's approaching marriage it would be better for him to stay at home where he belonged and not go gallivanting off to England. Just to make sure the boy didn't slip out some night, the Rajah locked him up in a tower near the city walls.

When the Maharajah heard that the star member of his polo team was being held prisoner for a silly reason like a marriage, when wives are so plentiful in India, he was furious. The day was approaching for him to leave for England, games were scheduled with English polo teams, and there was no one to lead his team, at least no player quite as good as the Raj. In despair he ordered his forty vassals to unpack his two hundred trunks. He could not leave without the Raj.

The Rajah's annoyance spread to his subjects who didn't like being locked up all day within the city and they blamed the Maharajah. They got up a petition demanding that the Maharajah give full authority to the Rajah to decide about the marriage and the trip, the affairs of his family in time to come, and that he return all lost power to the rulers of Sikar.

In Jaipur the Maharajah fretted in his \$50,000,000 pink wonder palace. Vayn Prasad, "Gift of the Air." Even the amusements ordinarily provided by his wives, his rooms full of glittering diamonds, his fortune of \$500,000,000, failed to rouse him from his pout. He

had all the advantages enjoyed by Aladdin in "The Arabian Nights." Lamenting perhaps the command of magic, and yet he couldn't make the old Rajah obey him. All he wanted was a fourth for his polo team and that seemed so hard to get. He certainly felt like declaring war, but his British advisers strongly cautioned him not to do so.

The more he thought about the insubordination of the Rajah the angrier he became. He decided to send his army to Sikar as a "peace gesture."

The Maharajah on his last trip to Scotland, had been impressed with Highland troops, so when he returned to Jaipur he decided to put his whole army into specially designed kilts of plaid of the official Rajput colors. He gave his soldiers bagpipes, not to give them courage as the Scottish people believe, but to amuse him on treacherous field days when he had to stand and watch regiment after regiment file by.

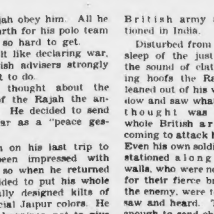
One morning recently the Jaipur army, commanded by two English cavalry officers, galloped across the dusty plains to the fortress of Sikar.

But the Maharajah had not counted on one thing. The Rajah of Sikar was an old man and seldom left home. News from the outside world disturbed him, so he never read the papers. He had seen pictures of Highland troops in kilts but he never dreamed that the Maharajah would outfit his orthodox Hindu soldiers with such bizarre costumes. He had come to associate kilts and sporran with the Scottish regiments of the

The Crown Princess of Dharanagadhra, in Whom the Young Raj Kumar is Engaged Very Much Against His Wishes Although Even Under Her Veil He Can See She Is Strikingly Pretty.



English Agent of the Viceroy, Mr. A. C. Lethbridge, Who Helped to Bring About a Temporary Peace Between the Fretting Hindu Princes.



British army stationed in India. Disturbed from the sleep of the just by the sound of clattering hoofs the Rajah leaped out of his window and saw what he thought was the whole British army coming to attack him. Even his own soldiers, stationed along the walls, who were noted for their fierce bravery in the face of the enemy, were terrified by what they saw and heard. The weird music was enough to send chills down the back of a snake-charmer. They thought that all the evil djinns had risen out of the earth and were swooping down on them. Buddha himself would have retreated before such a scene, they told the Rajah.

The old man was undaunted. If he had to fight the whole British army he would do so without fear. He seized an antique pistol from the wall and marched out to the wall to rally his somewhat dispirited troops. He ordered his officers to bring out all the cannon and heavy artillery in Sikar. Sikar warriors usually fight with "tathis," sharp-pointed spears which they throw with great force and accuracy. The officers searched the city for firearms and finally found old guns in the state museum. They dragged an



Enormously Wealthy Young Maharajah of Jaipur Who Proposed the Trip to England So That His Young Friend Raj Kumar Might Have a "Chance to Look Around Before His Marriage."



beautiful sights of Sikar and that if the Rajah would be so kind as to open the city gates and take down the cannon, which might fall apart on the heads of the troops and hurt someone, they would be delighted to accept his kind invitation which so far they hadn't received, but were hopeful.

The Rajah ordered the gates of the city be opened and gave the men a good time, so they reported. When the cavalry officers wished to pay their respects to the Raj Kumar, who was still locked up, the Rajah knew he was in a tight spot. He ordered the boy to be brought down and the serious matters were forgotten during the elaborate feast which followed. The Rajah was surprised to learn that he was not at war with Great Britain, and decided that peace was better than war, anyhow. The Ranees approved of this, because she was famished and anxious to eat a square meal. The young Raj was happy be-

cause he had a chance to talk to his friends from Jaipur and, confidentially, when his father was out of earshot, told them just how things stood. He agreed that the Maharajah ought to keep out of things for a while, until the Viceroy Agent had a chance to talk with his father.

Accordingly, Mr. Lethbridge arrived by train the next day and the Rajah agreed to conciliate. But on one condition: that the trip be called off and the boy marry the girl he was supposed to, and not some cousin of the Maharajah.

The Maharajah agreed to call off the trip and promised his English polo, a double-header match in the early summer. It was just as well, perhaps, that the Maharajah postponed his trip for a while for the customs of his country and the rules of his religion require that the Maharajah shall not leave his own country "until he has burned Delhi." The significance is that Delhi was to be exact and exact in detail. The model was placed in the courtyard of the palace and there the Maharajah set fire to it and watched it burn. Thus he satisfied the demands of his race and was able to proceed to Europe with a clear conscience.

After Mr. Lethbridge's conversation with the Rajah he felt that the old man should visit the Maharajah and make a personal explanation of his actions, especially the locking up of the Raj Kumar. The Rajah left for Jaipur with Mr. Lethbridge who became increasingly aware that something was wrong with the Rajah. His advanced age had made his outlook "queer" and when they heard that Mr. Lethbridge suggested that the Rajah be declared "mentally infirm" and that an agent of the British government be appointed to handle the affairs of Sikar in trust for the Raj.

It looks now as though the Raj will have his way after all, for when he becomes the ward of the British government they will probably let him do what he pleases. Although Mohammedan law entitles him to four wives, whom the Raj will marry no one can say, but it will take more magic than Aladdin could get with his wonderful lamp to keep everyone satisfied.

The Rajah leaned over the parapet and saw what he thought was the whole British army outside his walls. The strange killed soldiers, the weird music of the bagpipes terrified the usually fierce warriors on the wall. The besieged occupants of the palace thought that all the evil djinns had risen out of the earth and were cursing them with unholy oaths.



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"Portals of Illusion"

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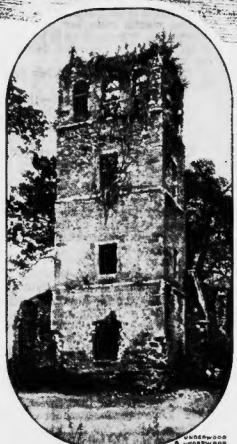


Romantic Moments in History When Destiny Hung on a Woman's Love for Jewels—a Series of Thrilling New Stories of Love and Mystery in Many Lands and Many Ages

WOMAN'S often fatal love for jewels has been sung by poets. And grave historians have told how this strange passion has sometimes changed the course of history. Jewels, too, seem to love women—far more than men. The American Weekly suggested to Mr. H. Bedford Jones, following his successful "Empires of the Moon," that he write another brilliant series of short stories upon this affinity between supposedly lifeless gem and very vital woman.

"Portals of Illusion" is the result. The haunted gems into which she peers are the gates of vision for the sensitive Tamara, revealing to her memories—for some believe jewels possess memories—of their highest moments.

"Portals of Illusion" for Tamara—but were they illusions?



The Cathedral of San Jose, Panama City, Ruined in 1671 by the Notorious Pirate Captain, Henry Morgan, and His Band of Cutthroats After Their Famous March Across the Isthmus of Panama.

No. 9—Buccaneer Ahoy!

TAMARA regarded the Jeweler with frowning inquiry.

"Why should any Jeweler always make me think of battle, murder and sudden death?"

"I can't say, my dear," the Jeweler, who had just removed a large carved amethyst from its setting, smiled at her. "There's no earthly reason I can assign. The amethyst has dignity; its violet purple is rich and lovely. It's usually employed for the seal of a prince."

True, the color is composed of red and blue—"Never mind all that," broke in Tamara.

"The stone in your hand, for example, gives me a distinct sense of conflict, of barbarity, mingled with a strangely fierce nobility. Oh, I can't explain it all! But I can certainly feel it."

She paused for an instant, as a quick flash crept up her delicate cheeks and her wide brows.

"Why," she added, as her blue eyes dilated upon the amethyst, "it makes me feel—almost naked, somehow."

She stood staring, tense, a shaft of fragile golden light made flesh, all slim and lovely, with her ethereal touch of some quality beyond life.

The Jeweler quietly laid down the amethyst and rose from his seat. He moved the stand on rollers, with its huge enlarging glass, until it was in the sunlight of the workbench, and placed his chair before it. Beyond the magnifying glass he put the amethyst, a drop of purple ice glittering in the sunlight.

He knew the peculiar gift by which Tamara received from certain jewels very definite mental impressions. He knew, and marvelled, for it was a gift divine and past any understanding. Whether, as she was tempted to think some memory of lives long ago lived was thus awakened in her, he could not tell, but life was there.

Call it spell, autohypnosis, or black magic, when it came upon her she had no choice but to obey. Now, as she seated herself before the workbench and gazed into the enlarging glass, she became utterly relaxed in concentration. Her lovely features were intent, that sensitive flower-like face again bore a slight flush, this time of eager expectancy.

Her blue eyes widened upon the glorious hues before her. Amid the sun-glimmer of facet and crystal depth, the faint rich blue and the glorious deep regal scarlet of the Silurian gem played across each other, creating a purple all alive, breathing vitality, quick with animation. Small wonder it fascinated her, absorbed her, bewitched her with its entrancing wizardry.

As she gazed into the Jeweler's life-lifting

heart, something flashed white and golden. Against the flood of light and color, a slim figure grew and died away again, a shape of nude loveliness that made Tamara catch her breath in recognition. Herself! Herself, a shape tender and graceful, stark in a glitter of sun and sea and wind. Then it was gone. Only the impression of sun and sea remained.

EVERYTHING began to take shape and color. Ships, a dozen enormous galleons lying in the harbor beneath the guns of a castle. Ships and castle alike flouted the royal standard of Spain, the white flag with the king's arms. Helms and breastplates of armed men glittered, breast cannon glittered, the high carved and gilded prows of the galleons glittered.

lively and pleasant to hear, as his men took a line from the admiral and the dark ship forged alongside. Donna Ynez looked down and he looked up. Their eyes met and held. Beneath his fair mustache, white teeth flashed, and a purple jewel at his throat flamed in the sunlight.

Don Pedro Salazar, commander of the admiral and captain of the fleet, stood at the rail and called sternly to the man below.

"You show no flag of truce, pirate dog!"

"Quite unnecessary. I come as a friend," Captain Laurent turned to the statespaniard, thumbed his mustache, and nodded amiably. "My comrade, Captain Van Horn, is waiting with our other three ships, five miles up the coast near Nueva Leon. I've come to offer you our service."

"The women grouped closer at the name. Horn, the Dutch pirate, ravisher, searover of merciless infamy? Don Pedro purpled with rage."

"Your services? In God's name, what innumerable offensiveness is this? Horn is the accused pirate who ravaged the Venezuela coast two years ago! Hanging is too good for either of you!"

"We agree with you; we have no intention of hanging," and Captain Laurent flicked a speck of imaginary dust from his sleeve.

"You see, Don Pedro, word has got abroad of this treason. I've gathered here to sail for Spain. Half the buccaneers in the Indies have assembled to waylay you in the Windward Passage, Michel Junque, Beuchene, Braba, Le Sage and others have met at the Isle Avache, with a dozen ships and two thousand men."

"That Captain Laurent offered to convey the Spanish Treasure Fleet. (From a painting by E. Bouligny)."

"No; employ me!" replied Laurent. "For a thousand crowns to each of us, Horn and I will convey you safely with our four ships."

At first blush this was audaciously unappealing and gratuitous insult, the lure of four little ships conveying these towering galleons in safety was mirth-provoking. No one smiled, however.

These same mighty ships, with their hundreds of men and scores of cannon, had too often fallen prey to a hundred buccaneers in some commonplace craft; the indestructible ferocity of these sea-wolves humbled all the night of Spain.

It was then that Laurent, who with one small ship, had fought two great galleons of sixty guns each, and whipped them. It was Laurent who, in company with Captain Van Horn, had attacked two Spanish frigates off Carthagena and taken them. And beneath their stately pride and dignity, the Spanish men feared these savage pirates as the devil fears holy water.

Now, before Don Pedro could speak, Laurent swiftly soothed his Spanish pride.

"Not that you need help, of course. You have guns, men and courage sufficient to fight half the world! However, the buccaneers would hesitate to attack anyone under the protection of two well-known captains. And if they do attack, you'll have the unmistakable advantage of preserving your ships and men from damage while we do the fighting. You'll appreciate the poetic justice in such a situation, Senor Don."

"True," said Don Pedro thoughtfully. "Then his brow went down. 'What's to prevent me hanging you and all these scum who serve you, on the spot?'"

Captain Laurent smiled. "Nothing, nothing at all! But I would be pity."

"Why?" snapped the Spaniard.

"Because we landed at Nueva Leon yesterday, down the coast. My friend Horn holds a bishop, twelve priests, Count Henrique de Lara, the Governor of Nueva Leon, and thirty Spanish gentlemen and officers, aboard his ship. If you hang me, he'll hang them to the last man. If you employ us, he frees them. I have no great skill in arithmetic, but it seems to me that hanging me you might risk a bad bargain. And, if we become friends, you might make a very good bargain."

This was evident. Moreover, dimly voices broke out on all sides, many a one here had friends in the ranks of the Spaniards. The women had left families there. Captain Laurent smiled at the ladies, twirled his mustache, and the gaze of Donna Ynez at his throat blazed again in the sunlight.

"Ah!" said Don Pedro. "Suppose I considered your singular proposition as this as being willing to remain aboard this ship as hostage?"

Laurent bowed. "Of course! As one gentleman to another, why not? I have every confidence in Spanish honor."

"Gentleman, you say," quoth Don Pedro bitterly.

"Most assuredly! It did not come as Captain Laurent, the buccaneer, you comprehend, but as the Marquis de St. Laurent of France, and by hereditary right a grandee of Spain as well. So, Senor Don, I trust we may talk of other things than hanging."

This was a clincher and an amazing one. It is not unusual for foreign nobles to be made grandees of Spain, which meant something in Spanish eyes, but it was amazing to find an infamous, bloody buccaneer an actual gentleman. Nothing strange in this as a matter of fact, for half the sea-rovers of note were men of birth, but to the Spaniards it was a very singular thing.

Besides, there was something about this Captain Laurent which everyone liked. He was a man for men to admire, and for women to look at twice, or maybe thrice. Donna Ynez had never ceased looking at him.

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With which Captain Laurent was well content. So was Donna Ynez. Everyone was eager to talk with the famous buccaneer, and some were eager to kill him. She joined the crowd around him, and presently they came face-to-face and he kissed her hand. Wine was served, Laurent got his violin and trum-pets up from his own ship, and very sweet music was played. The incongruous touch of a bloody pirate loving music rather startled Donna Ynez. She said as much when she and Laurent stood alone in the high stern. He smiled again.

"Faith, why shouldn't I love music?" he said.

"No; employ me!" replied Laurent.

"The Spaniards came, rending through the door; guns exploded, loud whined through the air. The door crashed, hung half ajar. Donna Ynez caught up a heavy silver candlestick and went to the window, while Captain Laurent faced the Spaniards and his two pistols exploded."

but there was no glitter about the long black ship that had come in from the sea and none made for the admiral of Spain.

Tamara saw herself on the quarter-deck of the admiral, but no longer was she Tamara. Now she was Donna Ynez de Sautier, bound for Spain bound for marriage to a man she had never seen.

The same sweet proud carriage, the same delicate beauty, the same proud lift of the chin, as she stood there gazing down at the man who stood on the rail of the buccaneer ship.

A tall man, very fair, handsomely attired, of smiling and vital features. Behind him stood men making music with trumpet and violin, very

lively and pleasant to hear, as his men took a line from the admiral and the dark ship forged alongside. Donna Ynez looked down and he looked up. Their eyes met and held. Beneath his fair mustache, white teeth flashed, and a purple jewel at his throat flamed in the sunlight.

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(Continued on Page 14)

Love, Hate and

Remarkable Photographs of the Trade Ends With a Kiss by His Bride—



1—Mrs. Praying Mantis Selects Her Bridegroom After Having Killed and Devoured Perhaps Half a Dozen Unlucky Others Before Her Choice Was Made. Worthy of Study Is the Expression of the Eyes Into Which the Fascinated Lover Stares. Is There Beside in Those Appealing Arms a Look of Deep Hunger as Well as Love? Indeed There Is, as the Next Picture Shows.

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THAT curious insect, most beneficial to man, which he calls the "praying mantis" is an excellent example of how little man knows of a life as alien to his own in every way as would be some creature of a galaxy a million light years out in space.

The mantis is a green fantasy about four inches long from tail to head, whose wings look like leaves, whose legs look like sticks and which stands motionless on an actual leaf or twig in a strange attitude of seeming piety. Its forelegs are thrust forward and bent upon themselves, like supplicating hands—and because this is our own attitude in prayer, we have assumed, in naming the insect at least, that the mantis is praying.

So much is this true that the god of the Hot-tentots is a mantis. Its appearance of devotion link-

ing it to worship and, therefore, in the primitive mind, bringing it into close association with the thing worshiped—a sort of messenger sent to earth under divine auspices as a lesson to man.

But look closer at these "hands," folded at what might be called the wrist joints, under the glass. You will see two rows of formidable teeth or spikes. When another insect flies past or a caterpillar creeps along un-

aware that there is anything but a green larder around it, these hands lose all devotional aspect. With a rapidity which defies eyesight, they fly open and forward, the spikes penetrate the body of the unfortunate prey, and not until everything edible is consumed does the mantis go back to its apparent supplications.

Perhaps it does pray. To a god of food. Who knows?

At the upper right hand of this page are two unusual photographs. One shows a caterpillar in the inescapable trap of the mantis' hands and the other shows how the caterpillar is eaten—grotesquely, like some weird picnicer putting away a frankfurter.

There is an uncrossable abyss between the insect world and mankind. Ants, bees and others seem to exhibit what we call reason—reason in such cases being what man would understand as acts due to reasoning on his own part under certain circumstances. But it has been pointed out that the nerve impulses, the brain, the "thought" of the insects are so utterly unlike those of man that, although the conclusions to which they seem to arrive appear to be human and their actions under certain circumstances appear to be human, they cannot be. All is mere coincidence, since the machinery is entirely different.

Yet three things that rule life and man rule the insects.

One is love, one is hate and one is war—but to the insect world, war is almost invariably to satisfy hunger.

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Love's the ambassador of loss."

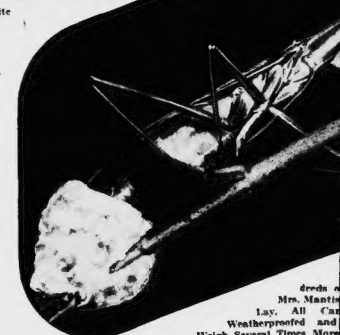
Loss indeed, for the mantis bridegroom not only loses his life but all his outward form, since his bride slowly consumes it all except his wings

—incorporating it into her own body and giving her additional food substance to pass on to the mantis babies who are the fruit of that brief wooing.

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dents of insect life, whose studies are classics, describes this wedding of Mrs. Bluebeard Mantis and her self-sacrificing sweetheart as follows:

"We are near the end of August. The male mantis, a slender and elegant lover, judges the time to be propitious. He makes eyes at his powerful companion; he turns his head towards her; he bows his neck and raises his thorax. His little pointed face almost seems to wear an expression. For a long time he stands thus motionless, in contemplation of the desired one. The latter, as though indifferent, does not stir. Yet the lover



2—The End of a Mantis Honeymoon. The Bride Has Killed Her Bridegroom by Taking a Large Bite Out of His Neck—Clearly Shown in the Picture. This is the Preliminary to Eating Him Up. Photos from European.

has seized upon a sign of consent: a sign of which I do not know the secret. He approaches: suddenly he erects his wings, which are shaken with a convulsive tremor.

"This is his declaration. He throws himself timidly at his corpulent companion; he clings to her desperately, and steadies himself. The prelude to the embrace is generally lengthy, and the embrace will sometimes last for five or six hours.

"Nothing worthy of notice occurs during this time. Finally the two separate, but they are soon to be made one flesh in a much more intimate fashion. If the poor lover is loved by his mistress as the giver of fertility, she also loves him as the choicest of game. During the day, or at latest on the morrow, he is seized by his companion, who first gnaws through the back of his neck, according to use and wont, and then methodically devours him, mouthful by mouthful, leaving only the wings.

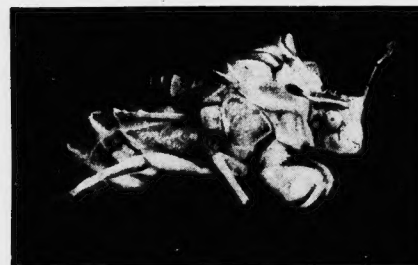
"I had the curiosity to wonder how a second bridegroom would be received. The result of my inquiry was scandalous. The mantis in only too many cases is never sated. After a rest of variable duration, whether the eggs have been laid or not, the second male is welcomed and devoured like the first. A third succeeds him and affords yet another meal. A fourth suffers a like fate. In the course of two weeks I have seen the same mantis treat seven husbands in this fashion. She admitted all, and all paid with their lives.

"Love, it is said, is stronger than death! Taken literally, never has an aphorism received a more striking confirmation. It is perhaps a reminiscence of the carboniferous period when the insect world gradually took shape through prodigious procreation. The orthoptera, of which the mantis form a branch, are the first-born of the insect world.

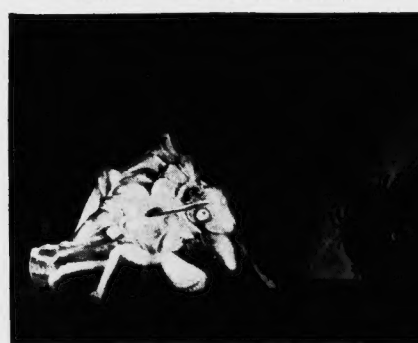
"Uncouth, incomplete in their transformation, they wandered amidst the arborescent foliage, al-

ready to be seized upon by a larger and more powerful insect.

Years after its victims and its own death, the rusty old flying fort more than ever the marvel of the day.



1—The Ambush Bug—the Insect "Flying Tank" (Greatly Enlarged), a Half-Inch Replica of Man's Mechanical War Invention Which Nature Evolved Hundreds of Years Before Man Came Into Being; It Has Heavy Interlocking Armor Plates, Folding Wings and Antennae, a Retractable Forward Gun and an Unlimited Cruising Radius. (4 Photos. Copyright by George Edward Jenks.)



2—The Armored Tank Charges Its Victim (In This Case a Fly); Its Heavy Interlocking Shell Armor Makes It Invulnerable to the Stings of Bees and Other Insects Which It Preys Upon.



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ing it to worship and, therefore, in the primitive mind, bringing it into close association with the thing worshiped—a sort of messenger sent to earth under divine auspices as a lesson to man.

But look closer at these "hands," folded at what might be called the wrist joints, under the glass. You will see two rows of formidable teeth or spikes. When another insect flies past or a caterpillar creeps along un-

aware that there is anything but a green larder around it, these hands lose all devotional aspect. With a rapidity which defies eyesight, they fly open and forward, the spikes penetrate the body of the unfortunate prey, and not until everything edible is consumed does the mantis go back to its apparent supplications.

Perhaps it does pray. To a god of food. Who knows?

At the upper right hand of this page are two unusual photographs. One shows a caterpillar in the inescapable trap of the mantis' hands and the other shows how the caterpillar is eaten—grotesquely, like some weird picnicer putting away a frankfurter.

There is an uncrossable abyss between the insect world and mankind. Ants, bees and others seem to exhibit what we call reason—reason in such cases being what man would understand as acts due to reasoning on his own part under certain circumstances. But it has been pointed out that the nerve impulses, the brain, the "thought" of the insects are so utterly unlike those of man that, although the conclusions to which they seem to arrive appear to be human and their actions under certain circumstances appear to be human, they cannot be. All is mere coincidence, since the machinery is entirely different.

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3—The Insect Flying Tank Refuels in the Field With the Blood of Its Victim—Its Retractable "Gun" Now Being Used as a Sucking Pump for the Refilling of Its Fuel Tanks. Observe How Its Powerful Fincher Claws are Clinging to the Wings of the Fly.

4—Years After Its Victims and Its Own Death, the Rusty Old Flying Fort More Than Ever the Marvel of the Day.

And War in the Insect World

*Tragic Romance of Mr. Praying Mantis Whose Honeymoon
The Flying Tank Bug,
as Good as or Better
Than Any Man-Made
Implement of War—
What Happens When
the Black
Widow Spider
Meets the
Scorpion*



ready flourishing when none of the insects spring of more complex forms of metamorphosis were as yet in existence; neither butterflies, beetles, flies, nor bees. Mantis were not gentle in those epochs, which were full of the lust to destroy in order to produce; and the mantis, a feeble memory of those ancient ghosts, might well preserve the customs of an earlier age. The utilization of the males as food is a custom in the case of other members of the mantis family.

3—The Fruit of the Mating — Hungry Eggs Which It Takes From 12 to 14 Hours to Fully Cemented and Which, When Done, Than Her Own Body.

her cage, which never seeks to harm her neighbors in spite of her crowded quarters, falls upon her male and devours him as ferociously as the praying mantis. I have worn myself out in trying to procure the indispensable complements to my male specimens. No sooner is my capture, strongly winged, vigorous and alert, introduced to the cage than he is seized, more often than not, by one of the females who no longer have need of his assistance and devoured. Once satisfied the two species of mantis conceive an antipathy for the male, or rather they regard him merely as a particularly tasty species of game.

It is interesting to consider how long it was at the "praying" attitude of the mantis first attracted the imagination of man. Without doubt, there were mantises, like the bees, hundreds of thousands of years before man appeared on the globe. The ancient Greeks called the insect "Mantis"—the divine, the prophet. It was called by the Romans "Iou Frego-Dieu"—creature which prays to God. Its official name is "mantis religiosa."

Quoting Fabre again: "Good people, how very astray your child-like simplicity has led you! The attitude of prayer conceal the most atrocious but; these supplicating arms are lethal weapons. These fingers tell no rosaries but help to terminate the unfortunate passerby. It lives luxuriously upon living prey. It is the tiger of the peaceful insect world; the ogre in ambush which demands tribute to living flesh. If only had sufficient strength its godthirsty appetites and its horrible perfection of concealment could make it the terror of the countryside. The Prego-Dieu would become a Satanic vampire."

Yet the mantis is one of the most friendly, unconsciously of



2—Having Been Caught, the Body of the Caterpillar Is Twisted Around and Mrs. Mantis Eats It in Quite the Same Way That the Human Purveyor Consumes a Frankfurter (alias Hot Dog) or a Chicken Leg.

course, of man. Its appetite is voracious and its consumption of crop and flower-destroying insects prodigious. Not long ago millions of its eggs were collected and sent to Nebraska to fight the grasshopper plague. If it survives and breeds there, it will save that State many millions of dollars.

It is not native to the United States. It appeared in Connecticut, no one knows how, in 1925. Their first discoverers were so frightened they telephoned the police.

Another and one of the greatest of mysteries is the similarities between insect warfare and the war machines of man. But in this strange world the insects are the machines, antedating by millions of years in themselves the deadly mechanisms of man.

Of this phase of insect life George Elwood Jenks, distinguished American entomologist, writes for *The American Weekly*.

"What is the true explanation of the strange parallels between the machines, habits, and types of insects and men? These mysterious resemblances have been noted many times, and seem to be too common and too striking to try to pass off as mere coincidences."

"A year or two ago *The American Weekly* carried an article with photographs showing that the vise, the awl, pincers,

(Continued on Page 17)



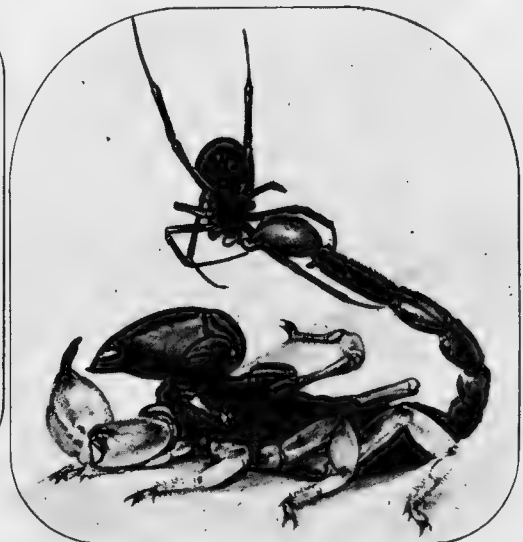
1—The Hooked Forelegs of the Mantis Have Been Thrust Out From Their "Prayer" and Caught a Caterpillar—How Demure and Sweet Is This Lady Bluebeard's Expression as She Thinks Over the Feast She Is About to Have.



3—And Here Is the Dying Scorpion With the Black Widow Spider Enmeshing It in Her Web for Future Food.



1—A Questing Scorpion, Equipped With Strong Claws and Sting on the End of Its Tail, Blunders Into the Domain of the Deadly Black Widow Spider. (Photo Enlarged About Six Diameters.)

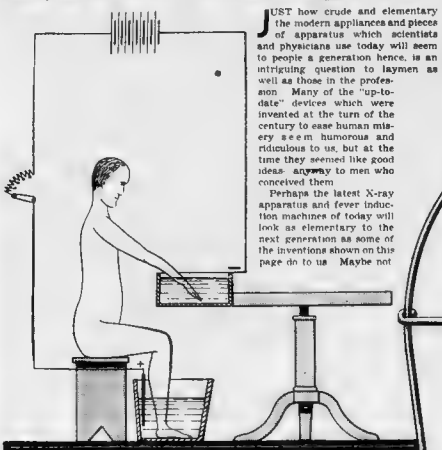


2—The Black Widow Comes to Grips With the Scorpion's Sting and, Evading Its Thrusts, Injects Her Own Venom.

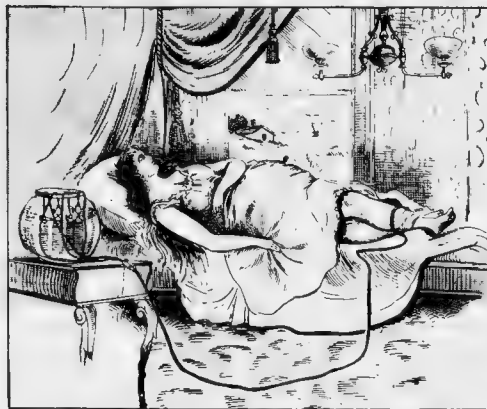


few of Living Cells Are Gone and Still Stands Unharmed—Revealing Most Interesting Armored Structure.

Queer Gadgets to Ease Human Misery



The Sketch From a Patent Granted In 1915 Shows a Device Which Is Intended to Extract Poisons From the Human Body. The Sufferer Would Become Part of an Electrical Circuit.



This Rather Elaborate Drawing, Illustrating a Patent Issued in 1897, Depicts an Apparatus for Warming or Cooling the Victims of Certain Maladies of the Flesh.

A Picture That Paints Mexico

SINCE Mexico has been attracting many painters and sculptors to its art museums and galleries, the average citizen has become more or less familiar with art. In fact what with easels set up along bustling boulevards and in picturesque villages he could not very well avoid it. Impressionism, surrealism and other forms of artistic "isms" are no longer strange to him. But a photograph of Senor Eduardo Venosa's "What's This?" puzzle Mexico and started a controversy which only subsided the other day.

Mr. Venosa, of Puebla, Mexico, bought himself a few weeks ago. It was an unusual-looking car even in this streamlined age and he was justly proud of it. He thought that people in other parts of Mexico could be privileged to have a look at it too. So he didn't have the time to make a tour of the country, he did the next best thing. He had several pictures taken of the automobile and sent prints to editors of leading newspapers.

One of the photographs showed the bird's eye view of Venosa's car as reproduced in the accompanying picture. This he sent to a newspaper in Mexico City where in the busy office his letter was mislaid.

Someone picked up the picture, took one hasty look at it and concluded that it was

some form of art with which the art editor undoubtedly was familiar. That was how it got to the latter's desk and, incidentally in the art column of the newspaper. The art critic himself thought that it was an unusual piece of sculpture by some talented but unidentified artist who deserved a boost. He captioned it simply "Impression of an old man, sculptor unknown."

The next day his office was flooded with letters, phone calls and personal visitors, most of them indignant. What sort of an art critic was he anyway? "Impression of an old man," bellowed one. "Why, the surrealists worshipfully anyone who has the slightest conception of art could tell that the piece of sculpture was 'Bath at Eventide' or something similar. The ultra-modern bathos was plainly visible! Other schools of art enthusiasts had conflicting ideas and soon the controversy was far beyond the confines of the newspaper office.

It didn't end until nearly a week later when Senor Venosa saw the picture of his car with its odd title. He jumped right into his new automobile and didn't stop going until he reached the newspaper office in Mexico City. By that time he had calmed down a bit. And in their newspapers the following morning the artists discovered to their chagrin exactly what the "unusual piece of sculpture" is.

Many Mexicans Mistook This Picture for a Work of Surrealist Art. It's a Photograph, From Above, of a Streamlined Automobile.

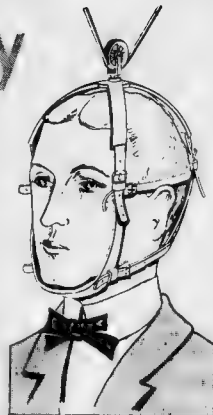
But unless inventors turned out many amusing and impractical gadgets, there would be fewer worthwhile machines to relieve human suffering. The "cure" help clear the atmosphere.

Back in 1915 Mr. T. M. Clague secured a patent on his electrical process for extracting metals from the human body, as shown at the left. Clague found that metals which ordinarily cause poisoning in human

beings are antimony, arsenic, copper, lead, mercury and silver. Since these are attracted to the negative pole of an electric battery, he planned to make a human battery in which the poisonous metal would come out of the fingertips when the current was turned on.

Below is another apparatus for treating disease patented by Mr. H. Sanche in 1887. It was his idea to turn the patient into a veritable air conditioner, either cooling or heating his system to produce the necessary tension for well-being. As shown in the sketch the patient's legs were exposed to the "conditioner." This supplied either the necessary amount of heat or cold, depending upon the doctor's advice.

The unusual-looking contraption in the center sketch is a "mechanism" for relief of headache and insomnia" invented by Mr. J. R. Porter in 1903. It was his theory that fever in the forehead and temples accompanies a condition of headache or insomnia. His device consists of two bulb-shaped vessels containing ice or ice water which are screwed in place against the patient's temples.



Like Some Belts From the Spanish Inquisition Is This Head Harness for Stretching the Backbones and Exercising the Muscles of the Neck. It Was "Perfect" in 1904.

Above is an apparatus invented by Mr. J. Kleinbach in 1904 to stretch the backbone in an effort to exercise the muscles of the neck and upper portions of the body. Extending from this harness and not shown in the sketch are two handles with ropes attached to a pulley in the ceiling. By this means the patient, without assistance, could elongate his own spine, so to speak.

Back in 1884 Mr. J. R. Campbell had a device for the electrical extraction of poisons somewhat similar to the one which Mr. Clague developed 17 years later.



At the Right—Another Turn-of-the-Century Patent Designed to Rid the Body of Poisons by Electrolysis. Wires Were Attached to the Neck and Feet of the Patient.

What Are Your Chances to Live Through an Air Raid?

LONDON
THE death and destruction caused by bombing planes in Spain and China have given the military experts of other nations considerable cause for thought. England, France and other countries have been exceedingly active in developing methods and scientific equipment calculated to minimize damage and loss of life as well as to fight off possible air raids in the future.

In spite of all precautions, however, recent experience has shown that the average citizen must run dangerous risks when a city is being bombed. Just how great these risks are, and the chances that a non-combatant has to survive, have been carefully analyzed by Colonel R. M. Cowell of the British Army.

Colonel Cowell estimates that each ton of bombs dropped on a city kills an average of 22 people and wounds 40 others badly enough to send them to the hospital. About 36 bombing planes are expected in one formation,

probably causing about 1000 casualties at night and perhaps as many as 3,000 in the daytime, when crowds are denser.

If high explosive bombs are dropped there will be more deaths and serious injuries, but bombs containing poison gases will contaminate water areas and cause a larger number of minor burns.

According to Colonel Cowell trained doctors, nurses, stretcher bearers and other assistants should equal in number at least three per cent of the population. There being far from enough doctors, dentists, druggists, medical students and others must be trained and mobilized as an auxiliary force.

While some military experts point out that the main advantage of an air raid is to demoralize the morale of the people behind the lines, nevertheless Colonel Cowell's figures together with records of actual fatalities and injuries which resulted from air raids on China and Spain show that the toll taken by enemy raiders may be a large one.

Just what casualties would result if an American city were bombed from the air can only be conjectured.

Cities in the United States have little of the equipment which Colonel Cowell believes is absolutely necessary to minimize casualties in a bombing attack.

"To do so," he pointed out, "trenches and dugouts must be built in all parks, streets, alleys and open spaces. Thousands of trained men and women must be equipped with stretcher and first aid equipment."

Smallest Piano in the World

BUDAPEST
WHAT probably is the world's smallest piano that really plays was completed recently by Andras Pinter, an amateur instrument builder. Although it is only three inches in length it has a keyboard of two octaves, both black and white keys, a music stand, wiring and everything complete including the sound.

Pinter, who spent more than four months of work on his miniature piano which, except for its abbreviated keyboard, is a faithful reproduction of a standard-sized instrument, can readily pick out tunes on its keyboard. As the keys themselves are so tiny that one of his fingers strikes six of them at a time, he gives his "concerts" with a pair of knitting needles, which he has found are handy to hit individual notes.

The tinkling sounds which result are ingeniously amplified by Pinter who places a radio microphone near the instrument. The "mike" is wired to the loud speaker of an ordinary radio receiving set. By this means, when the miniature piano is played for a number of people its sounds emerge from the loud speaker so loudly that they have the volume and quality of a full-sized instrument.

So perfect is the tiny piano in every detail that Pinter has been offered more money for it than an expensive, standard-sized grand piano would cost. Several collectors of "the world's smallest" things want to add the piano to a collection, but the maker so far, has refused all offers to sell.



This Miniature Piano, Only Three Inches Long, Is the Work of the World's Model Makers. It Is the Handwork of a Hungarian, and Its Two Octaves Have Keys So Small That They Have to Be Played With Knitting Needles.

MILLIONS *of* AMERICANS

DISCOVER WHAT THEY *Really like* FOR BREAKFAST

SAY, AM I THRILLED
WITH SHREDDED RALSTON!
EVERYONE LOVES IT

THAT NEW BITE SIZE
SURE MAKES IT EASY TO
EAT. LET'S HAVE MORE
BREAKFASTS LIKE THIS!



Never before a ready-to-eat cereal so delicious,
so convenient as Shredded Ralston

• It's sweeping the country! Everywhere you go you hear people say: "We just love Shredded Ralston, the new bite size cereal with that new delicious flavor."

At last here is a cereal you don't have to coax anybody to eat. Tiny shreds of healthful, nourishing whole wheat, spun into a convenient bite size and toasted a tempting golden brown. Its flavor,

made by an exclusive patented process, is brand-new...deliciously different from ordinary cereals.

Shredded Ralston is ready to eat just as it comes from the package and its easy-to-eat bite size makes a big hit with everybody. Join the millions who have discovered something new and delicious for breakfast. Add it to your grocery list. Watch your family ask for more!

A product of Ralston Purina Company
St. Louis, Mo. Also makers of Ry-Krisp
and Ralston Wheat Cereal



New Bite Size Cereal

...Delicious New Flavor

PORTALS OF ILLUSION

(Continued from Page 14)

"What had not come? The dark sea gave her no comfort. Somewhere in the gulf was tumult, with hasty voices flying down the wind. It passed, and she said no heed. Then, as she stared out, something blocked the stars from her sight; there was a tap at the window. Her heart leaped. He had come! When she opened her eyes, she found herself in a dark, narrow space, felled for him and touched a naked sword; and the sword was wet. "What is it?" she exclaimed. "What's happened? What's on your sword?" "Blood," said he, and laid the sword on the deck. "I had no time to breathe it. Faith, it was a near thing! They had the

The calendar said: "tomorrow, perhaps" MIDOL said: "WHY WAIT?"

Women who live in the harsh rule of the calendar usually give up far too much pleasure in life. Are you one of them? Do you still live in a world of pain, setting aside certain days each month to miserable martyrdom? If you do, give Midol a chance to help you. For unless you have some organic disorder demanding the attention of a physician or surgeon, Midol in all probability can keep your days of menstruation as carefree as any other.

Midol is offered for this sole purpose—relieving the severe pain which many doctors say is unnatural to the normal period. Midol is a powerful, safe, quick-acting, in all but unusual instances it brings welcome relief. A few Midol tablets would see you comfortably through your worst day. At all drugstores, in trim aluminum cases that tuck easily into your purse. Get Midol today; be ready to "go" when the calendar says "stop."

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Relieves Functional Periodic Pain

CORN PAIN EXPOSURE!

Safe, Sure, Instant Relief!

No waiting! The instant you apply Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads, pain stops! The soothing, healing, cushioning pads ease sore friction and pressure, prevent corns, sore toes and blisters. Medically Safe—won't irritate the most tender skin. The separate pads included in every box quickly remove old corns. Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads are made in size for Corns, Calluses, Blisters and Sore Toes. Cost but a trifle. Sold everywhere.

Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads

THE PENNZ-OWLS

find that IT ISN'T THE COST—IT'S THE UPKEEP

THERE IS—BE OLIVER, USE PENNZOIL. THE EXTRA MARGIN OF SAFETY OIL THAT DOESN'T BREAK DOWN. THAT IN YOUR MOTOR, IT'S A REAL BARGAIN BECAUSE IT COSTS NOTHING EXTRA!

LOOK IT UP! GRIND VALVES, SCRAPE CARBON, REPLACE PISTON RINGS. \$4375. WHEN! YEAH, AND THE MECHANIC SEZ IT'S ALL THE FAULT OF BROKEN-OIL. THERE OUGHTA BE SOME WAY TO KEEP VALVES AND PISTON RINGS CLEAN. HARVARD GETS FISH

No. 9—BUCCANEER AHOY! By H. Bedford-Jones

iron all ready for me—thought I was asleep. Now they're searching for me, but they'll not look here."

Her hands found his in the darkness. "Not hurt?" "Does that feel like it?" said he, when he kissed her. "No, I'm safe enough. Hoon saw the signal. Half an hour before sunrise he'll cut across under the stern here. Out we go! A kick or two, and Hoon pulls up in. He'll be close, never fear, closer than the sharks! Then each of us picks a gallon. With luck, we should cripple two or three and finish them at leisure. This Don Pedro of yours will fight his ship till she goes down, so we'll let him alone and pick after prey."

Very quick and eager eye, they had the truth about him! But Donna Ynez sat half-stunned in the darkness, thankful he could not see her face. Leap out into the sea, swim there until Hoon picked them up? She shuddered a little.

"Danger," she said faintly. "I didn't know you—you had so wild a plan!" "What? Devil take it!" he broke into an amused laugh. "All life's a gamble, and death wins the stakes soon or late. But a man fights. Danger? Of course there's danger in walking down the street where a mad dog may maul you! Less danger than in this affair. Hoon's a good man, a sure comrade. He'll do his part, even if Don Pedro puts a broadside into him."

"How long?" she asked. "How much of the night is gone?" "We have an hour until dawn. Another half hour till the moment comes." He swept an arm around her. "Ah, little bird! I'll take you back to France—let me tell you about the old chateau on the Loire—There in the darkness he swept away all thought of New Spain and the sea; he banished it with magic words, telling her of a boyhood home, his young life, his entire background. Everything around them was forgotten. Ynez poured out the story of her own, primly-guarded, hungry years. They emptied hearts and souls to one another, told of dreams broken and hopes gone astray in short, love enfolded them with magic wings, and the world was forgotten."

Not entirely, for in the heart of Donna Ynez lingered a cold and ghastly dread. Talk of life and death as he might, she could not dismiss it. The thought of plunging into those waves paralyzed her. She hated the sea, feared it with all her soul; yet she dared not tell him this.

"Madre de Dios! The gasping cry, the shrill voice, the pad of hasty naked feet, the slam of a cabin door. Laurent was up and grasping at his sword. Donna Ynez was crying out, heartily, panic-stricken, too late. She had forgot the dunna in the adjoining room. And now the woman's voice went shrieking through the poop-cabin, giving the alarm.

"A light!" said Laurent. "Quickly! Have you one?" "In a moment. But why?" "Now it's fight, little bird." His voice was light, joyful, eager as ever, but very steady. "Look! The gray in the sky already. I've only to hold them off until



Captain Henry Morgan Captures a Beautiful Spanish Lady. Morgan, One of the Most Notorious of All Buccaneers, Later Gave Up Piracy, Was Knighted by the Grateful King of England, and Ended His Days Under the Crown.

Hoon bears down to pick us up, then a plunge and we'll make it safely. But I'll need light for sword and pistol."

She went about the task with chilled and fumbling fingers, terror in her heart. She knew at once that if she told him the truth, he would stay with her to the end, and it would be the end. For take the plunge she could not. She must not tell him, she must not! She could not see him lying here dead and cold, and yet there was worse than death at stake, had she but guessed it, for Spanish pride was a grim and ugly thing, a cruel thing past belief.

Voices, tramping feet—she got the lantern alight at last, and for the first time had sight of him, smiling, debonair, resolute. The quick light in his eyes steadied her as hands pounded at the cabin door. He had shot the bolt; it was a massive door. "Keep the stern-walk clear, we must get out there to jump!"

He spoke to her as though she were another man, and her heart thrilled to it. He was priming his pistols, ignoring the voices and the hammering at the door. She darted to the window and looked out on the little balcony. "Keep it clear!" How? That was her business. Men could get by the door opening on it.

The door was opening, a soldier with an arquebus was stealing out now! She turned, said no word to Laurent, caught up a heavy silver candlestick and went back to the window. The man eyed her with force, she buried the candlestick under her arm, and pitched over the low rail of the stern-walk. Then Laurent perceived what she was about. "Good!" he said coolly, not offering to assist; it was a proud moment for her. "Good! Look out for bullets, now."

They came, rending through the door; guns exploded, lead whined in the air. Laurent held her to one side against the wall. Axes were at the door. It began to give, and give. Laurent glanced out at the darkening sea. "A light!" said he. "Hoon is coming. Keep the stern-walk clear."

There was another candlestick; she waited with it at the window, but no more men came that way. The door crashed, hung half-ajar by the bolt. Laurent went to it calmly, and his two pistols exploded. Men screamed in the

thundered Don Pedro. "Vile woman, you shall have the fate you merit! But here, ashore on the islet; strip her to the skin and leave her. We do not shed your blood, Ynez de Castilla, accused traitress! We leave you to the vengeance of heaven."

That was all she remembered.

THE sun was up in a blaze. The fleet was far scattered; here and there guns were muttering. A small dark ship came hurtling down the wind; a broadside crashed. The spars of the galleon toppled but her guns roared out, and a cloud of white smoke wrapped the two vessels from sight.

Under a blazing sun which would kill her in a day or so, stood Donna Ynez, alone upon the cay, a tiny islet, a mere curving scrap of coral sand a foot above high-water mark, with not a leaf on a twig upon it. She was clad only in the golden gossamer wealth of hair that fell to her knees, about her neck the chain and the purple amethyst which marked her shame, as they called it.

Her hair ripped in the sunlight, careless light those delicately carved shoulders, those slim thighs and lovely limbs. A very golden fleece in its floating shimmer, surrounding her with aureole glory. Like a hawk risen from the sea, she stood amid the spume of surf on the white beach, where sand-flies jumped by millions under the tropic sun, and the air shook to the grint of gunfire.

She stared out at the white cloud that was no cloud, it hung upon the water, not in the sky. It had drifted in closer to the ray flashes of red fire rent its depths. Now-and-then it thinned, only to thicken—a cloud of billowy white powder-smoke upon the thickening sea. The wind had fallen and died away.

Donna Ynez shivered and came to herself, like an evil dream was that curving. She had been unharmed indeed, but shamed before them all as they spat upon her, stripped her, blasted her with bitter words. "What matter now?" Laurent was dead and she was left with him soon enough.

She caught her breath suddenly. From the white cloud eddied up a mushroom of black smoke, shot with fire, erupting in a fast bursting column that reached to mid-heaven. The air shook, the sand underfoot shook, the ocean heaved. The girl was torn from her feet and hurled prostrate by that blast of fire.

When she came to her senses

she found she was alone.

"I-I cannot," she said. "I cannot swim. I dare not jump."

"What?" he cried out. "God's love! Then I stay with you—"

She came to him, shivered him, overbalanced him and sent him headlong, just as a man leaped from the window with sword flashing. She turned, swung the candlestick and that man pitched down. But others followed. Laurent was gone.

The buccanier ship swung, poised, fire leaped from her whole rail as musketry and guns let loose. A hail of lead smote the galleon. Shrieks and cries came from her deck. But whether Laurent was picked up or lost, Donna Ynez knew not; for she was gripped and hauled into the cabin, and so onto the quarter-deck, where fierce faces hemmed her in, and men lay dying on the deck, and the grim Don Pedro cursed her.

For a space she knew nothing; she was dazed, heart sick, careless of life. Vaguely she realized that the sun was up, the galleon had lost way, a boat was being lowered. Cruel voices hurried charge upon charge against her. She had betrayed them all, she had betrayed herself, she had been dishonored, saying nothing to a buccanier, spending the night with him, fighting against her own people. The men shrieked out accusations, the cold women cursed her, the officers reviled her. She stood motionless, wrists bound, saying nothing.

"Into the boat with her!"

Harvard Gets Fish

THE Harvard Museum of Comparative Zoology was enriched recently by an addition of more than 2,000 specimens of sea life, representing about 130 separate species, of which thirty were believed to be unknown to science.

The new collection was gathered by Dr. Hubert L. Clark, of Harvard University, during a ten-week scientific cruise through 9,000 miles of tropical seas along the west coasts of Mexico and Central and South America. The collection contains mainly echinoderms, a prickly-skinned group of the lesser branches of living creatures which help keep the ocean clean, form limestone rocks and are eaten by fish.

and sat up, she saw only a dull grayish pall that hung upon her water, unlit, unlit. Gradually something broke through the edge of this pall, coming in with the current toward the cay. It grew into shape as a small boat, half awash. Donna Ynez staggered to her feet, staring incredulously.

The smoke-pall was very slowly thinning away, to show nothing except a little wreckage and the black fins of sharks at their ghastly work. But the boat was coming in ever closer.

It floated on, then hung hesitant, as the current swayed. With a start, Donna Ynez flung herself into the water. She swam out and out in the shallows till it came to her lips, then her arms, the golden gossamer hair trailing behind her in the water. She caught hold of the boat, drew it in a little way, pulled herself up and looked over the gunnel.

A low cry burst from her. A man lay in the boat, afloat in the water, senseless, blood on his face and breast, tatters of clothes clinging to him. A man who smiled as he lay, and still gripped a broken sword in one hand. A man hurt, but alive, fair hair dragged about his head, a spot of color coming into his cheeks, life astir in his hard-chewed frame. Laurent, come thus to her out of the battle and the sea!

Then everything faded away and was lost—

TAMARA moved, turned, lifted her head, looked away from the glowing purple jewel, and smiled slightly as she met the intense gaze of the Jeweler. She took the amethyst from its place and fingered it curiously.

"What did it say to you?" asked the Jeweler curiously. She shook her head. "A story, a nice story this time, but still betrayal." Her face clouded. "Do women always betray for jewels? No, no—that's not fair. She didn't betray anyone, really. Tell me, what do you know about this amethyst? Whose arms are cut in it?"

The Jeweler shrugged. "I know little, or nothing about it. A man from New Orleans brought it in to have the setting strengthened. Here, I have his name." He brought a card from his pocket and glanced at it. "Laurent. That's it. Never heard of him."

"Oh," said Tamara, and a smile touched her lips. "I'm glad!"

Next Week's Portals of Illusion—Tamara and the Sacred Tree of Quetzalcoatl.

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MERCOLIZED Beautifying CREAM



KEEPS SKIN Young-Looking

Over a quarter century ago the first box of Mercolized Wax Cream made its debut in the realm of beautiful women. Today this pioneer face cream has become a favorite skin beautifier with lovely stars using Mercolized Wax Cream justly and richly deserves this lovely it has won. Throughout the years it has upheld its promise to "Bring out the hidden beauty of the skin" and "Keep the skin young looking." It combines clearing, softening, smoothing and lubricating elements with the technique of invisible faking of the superlative, color-saturated skin to reveal the glorious young looking beauty of the underlain skin it has upheld its promise to "Bring out the hidden beauty of the skin" and "Keep the skin young looking." 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Quick relief from

EYE STRAIN

due to wind, sun-glare, swimming, golf, driving, etc.



WHEN EYES STING AND SMART
—from swimming, beach sun-glare, etc.—try Murine! Soothing, cooling, saline refreshes and clears red, irritated eyes—makes your eyes feel clean, fresh, alive!



"MY EYES USED TO BURN AND feel tired when I drove my car, but since I started using Murine, it's so soothing and cooling and keeps my eyes so clean. I always keep a bottle of Murine handy in my car!"



SO EASY TO USE MURINE!
Just drop Murine in your eyes as often as you wish. It soothes, cools, and refreshes.

Murine's 7 astoundingly blended ingredients cleanse your eyes more effectively than the one ingredient of borax solution. Buy the large economy size—a drop of Murine in each eye night and morning gives blessed relief for only 1/2¢ a day. Murine, being alkaline, is so soothing and gentle it is widely used even in the tender eyes of babies. Use Murine daily. Begin now to bring nature's perfect eyes.



MURINE
For Eyes
AT ALL DRUG STORES

New NON-GREASY, NON-STICKY ICE DEODORANT
CHECKS PERSPIRATION INSTANTLY

- 1 Quick—easy to use.
- 2 Vanishes as you put it on.
- 3 Greaseless, actually cooling.
- 4 Its fresh odor of pure alcohol disappears immediately.
- 5 Instantly checks underarm perspiration for 1 to 3 days.



ODO-RO-NO-ICE
Cooling, non-greasy



CHAFED, ITCHING SKIN
Battle with mild Resinol Soap—then apply Resinol Ointment. Its oiliness gives the soothing medication to give quick effective relief.

RESINOL
Ointment and Soap
At all drug stores. For sample Resinol Soap 1/2¢, Resinol Ointment 1/2¢.

INTENSELY interesting articles on popular science appear regularly in this and other issues of THE AMERICAN WEEKLY. You will find an unending stream of thrilling narratives in this great magazine!

THE AMERICAN WEEKLY

Greatest Circulation in the World

HOUSEWIFE'S FOOD ALMANACK

DIET HOROSCOPE FOR PEOPLE BORN UNDER THE SIGN OF LEO

BY DR. CLAIRE CHRISTIE DONAHUE.

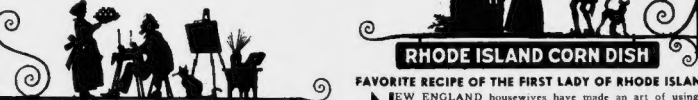
THE native of LEO (July 23 to August 22) is the most complete and harmoniously balanced of any of the children of the zodiac.

If he will "keep fit" by temperate living, he will be able to overcome the tendency to dilute involving the heat, violent fevers, back and kidney troubles and sympathetically the throat and organs of generation. Scrofula and skin diseases caused by poor circulation and impurities of the blood stream are frequently experienced. Not only should he "keep fit" physically, but mentally as well, for nervous may have a very disorganizing effect upon his brain.

The best way to overcome the tendency to fever is with persons of this sign are subject to is to plan a diet to include nutritious food strengthening food and a drink.

Serve your Leo husband or child delicious fruit dishes made of fresh fruits in season. For appetizing variety, rubarb, Peel and core, and paring apples, as well as fresh tomato water, nelson juice, grapefruit and orange juice, peach and grape juice, lemonade and lemonade.

"Applesauce," a popular soup of the fourteenth century, that contained almond milk, apples and honey, is still being eaten in some parts of Germany today. Another of the same period, "New Potage" made of rice and milk was served in England in 1753 and is still popular.



BEEF ROLLS

A PRIZE FROM NEW YORK'S GREENWICH VILLAGE

FOURTY years ago when "Ma" and "Papa" as she was known to the artist and writers of New York's Bohemian Quarter, started a restaurant on the site of Edgar Allan Poe's home, she installed as chef, Dominick Verdi, a relative of the famous composer.

Dominick didn't write musical scores himself but he could and did turn out culinary symphonies which have prompted many a member of the literary set to let out a notch in his belt and sing their praises.

One of his greatest dishes was beef rolls. Here is the way he prepared them:

4 hard boiled eggs
1 tablespoon chopped parsley

6 oz. package of bacon
1/2 cup of tomatoes
1 onion, pepper and salt

Cut beef in thin slices 3 inches long and 2 inches wide. Lay on pie board. Beat with large spoon. Cut eggs in small pieces but do not chop. Add parsley and chopped up bacon. Pepper and salt to taste. Mix well.

Put some of the mixture in center of each piece of beef. Roll tightly round and tie with thread to keep firm. Place in row on pan. Add the chopped onion, two pinches of water, half can tomatoes and stew over slow fire for about an hour and a quarter. Remove the braise from the rolls, then on the gravy with a little flour and serve.

CUSTARD PIE THROWING IN "MERRIE ENGLAND"

ABOUT the Time of Charles I. of England the Curious Custom Presented of Having a Large "Quaking Custard" on the Table at the Banquets of the Great Nobles. The Royal Family, the Heads of the Courts into the Center of the Custard Receptacle the Banqueters with the Rich and Sundry Convention.



CHEESE FONDUE

PRIDE OF THE WISCONSIN DAIRY COUNTRY

FROM coast to coast, from border to border and far beyond, the State of Wisconsin sends its cheeses, product of a land of smiling water, the greenest of grass and abundant of cattle. But its choicest cheese recipes its reserves for its own native sons as an epicure on a tour of exploration soon discovers.

Because Wisconsin natives are the descendants of many hardy-minded forebears such as Germans in the south east, the Welsh in the south west, the Swiss in Green Country and the Norwegian and Danes in Rock Country there are many cheese recipes which have long been famous in the State. One of these is cheese fondue. Here is the way it is prepared:

1 qt. dry bread cut into small pieces

3 eggs
2 to 3 cups milk, depending on dryness of bread
1 tap. salt
2 tap. butter
1/2 to 1 cup cheese, depending on strength

Cut the bread into small pieces and place in a buttered casserole. Beat lightly two eggs and yolk of third. Put milk on fire, and, stirring constantly, dissolve it in the cheese cut into small bits.

Beat remaining egg white stiffly, mix with other eggs, and stir all into milk-and-cheese mixture. Add salt. Pour over bread. Dot top with small bits of cheese and the butter. Set casserole in hot water in oven, and bake until fondue rises and becomes light brown. Eat at once.

WHEN T TABLES BECAME O's

THE Barons of Feudal Days Had Tables Shaped Like the Letter T. King Arthur Is Said to Have Used the Round Table to Avoid the Question of Precedence Among his Knights.



One Sunday Menu for the Leo—

BREAKFAST (Medium Rare) or Similar Meats
Corn and Tomato Casserole
Butter and Peas
Steamed Mushrooms
Lettuce
Thousand Island Dressing
Chilled Tea
Fresh Cherry Gelatine
SUPPER
Smack
Vivacity Cocktail
Hot Weather Salad
Peaches

And Some Recipes Suggested by Dr. Donahue—

Sweet Corn — Whole Wheat Bread Crumbs
Cut corn from cob, season and place in casserole and cover with tomatoes. Sprinkle with bread crumbs and add dots of butter. Bake in moderate oven 25 minutes.

Thousand Island Dressing
1 cup Mayonnaise Dressing, 2 tablespoons Catsup, 1 tablespoon each Celery, Green Pepper, hard-boiled Egg, Pimiento (chopped fine), little Parsley, stirred young Onion.

Catsup for Thousand Island Dressing
1 cup strained Tomatoes, Add juice of one Lemon, 1 teaspoon Sugar and 4 Bay Leaves. Let cook about 15 minutes.



RHODE ISLAND CORN DISH

FAVORITE RECIPE OF THE FIRST LADY OF RHODE ISLAND

NEW ENGLAND housewives have made an art of using meat left overs, not in a hash which is all too often the fate of the remains of a roast, but in distinctly different dishes which have a flavor and individuality all their own.

One of these which has been popular for seventy years and which is a favorite recipe of Mrs. Robert E. Quinn, wife of the Governor of Rhode Island, is known as "The Corn Dish." Here is the way Mrs. Quinn prepares it:

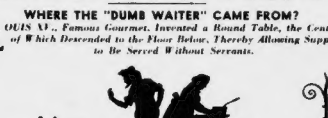
Take the remains of a leg of lamb, a roast of beef or any other roast. Put this through a chopper, with one medium size onion.

If there is any gravy left, add this to the meat and onion. Place in the bottom of a buttered baking dish. Salt and pepper to taste.

On top of this pour the contents of a can of yellow corn, salt and pepper. Then fill dish with mashed potatoes, which should be prepared as the start. Dot the top with pieces of butter. Place in a medium oven until top is browned. Serve with green salad and you have a complete and satisfying meal.

WHERE THE "DUMB WAITER" CAME FROM?

LOUIS V., Famous Courtier, Invented a Round Table, the Center of Which Revolved to the Floor Below, Thereby Allowing Supper to be Served Without Servants.



MISSOURI HAM DINNER

THE REAL ANSWER TO "I'M FROM MISSOURI"

WHEN a native son tells about the south, "This from Missouri," most people think that he means that he's a skeptical chap who will need a lot of convincing. But to a fellow citizen of his state, it means: "Boy! how I love my fried ham and rich cream gravy with soda biscuits!"

Missourians are convinced that nowhere else in the land can such feathery biscuits or such delicate ham be found. The Missouri housewife uses winter wheat flour in the making of biscuits and her product is especially delicate and light.

Here is the way in which she prepares her favorite ham dinner.

THE HAM: Slice rather thick. Freshen for a few moments or longer if necessary. Fry until crisp and brown. Tenders may be assured by covering at first. After cooking remove ham to hot platter. Pour off part of the fat from pan.

THE GRAVY: Pour off part of fat from pan. Add to that, remaining two tablespoons flour. Cook to a smooth paste and add one eighth teaspoon pepper and stir in gradually, one and half cups rich milk. Stir gravy well until it reaches thickness and color desired.

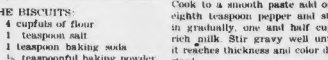
Split several biscuits and arrange around the ham. Pour gravy over ham and biscuits. Serve the remainder of the biscuits. Wild strawberry jam, for which Missouri is famous, makes a delicious complement to the dish.

SEND IN YOUR RECIPE—YOU MAY WIN \$5.00

The American Weekly will pay \$5.00 for each recipe sent in by readers and used on this page. Here is a chance for you to show throughout the land to turn their culinary skill, experience and ingenuity into profit.

There is no restriction on the kind of recipe to be submitted except that it must be original. Write on one side of the paper only. Be sure to give your name and address.

Send your recipe to The American Weekly Housewife's Food Almanack, 235 East 45th Street, New York, N. Y. Unused recipes cannot be returned.



REFUSE TO RUIN MY HANDS WASHING DISHES



LET ME CLEAN UP THOSE GREASY THINGS. IT'S MY SPECIALTY. I'LL KEEP YOUR HANDS NICE LOOKING

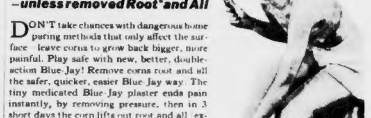
WOMEN describe the New improved Rinsol as a dabbling partner that does most of the hard work. For with the New Rinsol you have to do is to soak the dishes for several minutes in the rich, lively suds...then wash and rinse—and the dishes quick as a wink.

This new way to wash dishes is easy, too. Best of all, dishes, pots and pans come sparkling clean without a trace of greasy film on them. The New Rinsol is economical to use, that's because a little goes so far. And you'll find the New Rinsol as kind as

NEW IMPROVED RINSOL GIVES... Lightning-Fast Suds...

DROP THAT KNIFE!

Paring is Dangerous
Corns come back Bigger—Uglier—unless removed Root and All



DON'T take chances with dangerous home paring methods that only affect the surface. Leave corns to grow back bigger, more painful. Play safe with new, better, double-action Blue-Jay. Remove corn root and all the safer, quicker, easier Blue-Jay way. Try this medicated Blue-Jay plaster end pain instantly, by removing pressure, then in 3 short days the corn lifts off root and all! Exceptionally stubborn ones may require a second application. Blue-Jay is safer, quicker, more effective. Easy to use, invisible. 25¢ for 6. At all drug and department stores.

BAUER & BLACK-BLUE-JAY CORN-PLASTERS REMOVE CORN ROOT AND ALL



Get Rid of UGLY HAIR ZIP

DEPILATORY CREAM
Removes every trace of superfluous hair easily and quickly. It is as delicate as a feather and as powerful as your choice of depilatory. It is spread over the hair and stays off. It leaves the skin soft and smooth without later rubbing. TWICE THE SIZE—MADE THE PRICE! Air Guard Service

MORNING AFTER EYE-OPENER

Eye Doctors' Discovery for Clearing Red, Watery Eyes!

At last! Eyes that are red and watery from over-exposure, hot sun, fatigue, etc., now made clear and white quickly! Your money back if EYE-GENE fails! Clear vision, soothe irritation. Just as superior as for relieving tired, overworked eyes to new clear, eye-clear EYE-GENE today! Pure safe at the store. Economy use at all drug and department stores.

UICK SKIN

From those who are suffering with ETCHEC, burning skin on your body, or face, when you have done for 3 years! The famous "SKIN SUCCESS" OINTMENT and get something solid for the surface, pimples, blackheads and other cutaneous troubles. See inches due to external cause! Only 25¢ at your drug store. ETCHEC'S "SKIN SUCCESS" OINTMENT today!

PLEASE KILL THESE PESTS

MILLERS
DORRIS & BATH
7-11-11-11-11

When You Cook Outdoors

OUTDOOR cookery is charcoal cookery, or that delectable "charcoal broil" which is the delight of every chef. To do it well requires the use of only good, dry woods, like oak or hickory, which do not splutter or spark, and skill in cooking along the fire, piece-by-piece. When the wood has turned to char, or coals, then bring on your steaks or chops or frankfurters, and watch their edges curl.

In the small or portable grills, drenched either by carrying along or using for permanent home fixtures, genuine charcoal briquets or lumps are used. These black nuggets of concentrated heat make quick hot coals without flame or soot, or any cause for smoke-filled eyes. Fill up the space under rack or grill with charcoal, get it to a glowing red, and you will find outdoor cooking simple and satisfying. One model of especially sturdy construction, with its own lifter and made to pack into its own metal case, will hold two large steaks or ten fish fillets.

To star as an outdoor cook, it is important not to get burned while lifting a hot coffee-pot by its handle or sliding a stick of flapjacks. One of the really smart modern gadgets for those who like outdoor cooking is a pair of asbestos gloves, guaranteed to prevent painful burns.

Nothing is more irritating to a home-maker who values her home-cooking tools and cutlery than to find that other members of the family have carried off her knives to a picnic which, alas, they do not seldom return. Hence the idea of having a spare set of cutlery is a good one, especially as all tools for outdoor cooking require much longer handles. There is a specially made outdoor cooking set of carver, utility knife, double-spatula and, of course, a long-handled fork. Keep these exclusively for outdoor use, and there will be no friction with the cook.

Speaking of special sets for outdoor eating, it is an equally sensible idea never to take along the home china or crystal, or silver, salt and pepper shakers, or other articles of real value which lose or damage would open an expensive outfit. Sturdy composition plates come in attractive colors and have the great advantage of being light and almost unbreakable. Combustible dishes using a plate which will do for all uses, and small bowls good for fruits and ice cream, and squat, unbreakable goblets for drinking.

The casual guest might think, on looking at it, that a particular metal vase was a smart antique. But this unusual metal vase, which opens into a sturdy table and four seats. Another gadget which does a disappearing act is an automobile serving tray. It looks to any car window,

and provides a roomy, steady place for lunch, or it will fold and slip into the car pocket. Copied from the car-service trays familiar to tourists in Southern states, this little tray is most useful for dining, or working, or for writing on papers, maps, etc.

Some folks just must have picnic or no picnic. For them there has been designed a two-compartment, with a single large case compartment, all stacked one above the other, and with a convenient clamping handle to hook. Grand where there's a crowd - and there'll be no movie stand pie if this holder taken along the cake.

"Yes, but what about the cat, and what about the dog?" Why not find out, by personal experiment, what sticks to the broil best, and how to handle an outdoor fire as to the "scout badge"? Every butcher cuts his meat differently, and local manners and names enter into the picture.

But whatever your steak, or even your chop, here's a real chef's secret: Lay the meat in olive oil overnight in the refrigerator - will it be "scorched" or "scored"? Lightly with the back (not the blade) of your heavy carver, to tenderize it, just before cooking.

Appetizing Menus for the Week by Mary Lee Swann

MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY	SUNDAY
Breakfast Cereal Whole Grain Cereal Rolled Oatmeal Hot Cocoa Milk Milk or Coffee Salmon Salad Ice-Cream Milk Milk Milk Dinner Cured Chicken Wine (Left-Over) With Rice and Chicken Raw Vegetable Platter French Dressing Chiffon Pie	Breakfast Orange Juice Cereal Boiled Tomatoes Boiled Bacon Toast Coffee Luncheon Green Corn Cakes And Beef Salad Chilled Dressing Apple Muffins Iced Tea Dinner Roast Beef Cauliflower Carrot Vichy Peas and Potatoes French Dressing Warm Gingerbread Fruit Chiffon Pie	Breakfast Pineapple Juice Cereal Scrambled Eggs with Chopped Beef Milk Toast Coffee Luncheon (Company) Jellied Marmalade Apricots With Green Sauce Savory Potatoes Steamed Fresh Fruit (Pear, Apple, Pineapple, Rhubarb, etc.) Cakes Iced Coffee Substitute Dinner Eggplant au Gratin Baked Potatoes Pasta and Apple Coleslaw with Grated Raw Carrots Baking Powder Babes with Fruit Sauce	Breakfast Peaches Cereal French Toast Raspberry Marmalade Coffee Luncheon Savory Potatoes French Fried Cucumbers Tomato and Cucumber Salad Salad Dressing Banana Pudding Fruit Cake Dinner (Picnic) Roast Ham and Potato Salad Battered Potatoes Baked Potatoes Coleslaw Coleslaw with Grated Raw Carrots Tomato Layer Cake Lemon Flapjacks	Breakfast Cantaloup Cereal Boiled Bacon Corn-Milk Griddle Cakes or Waffles Coffee Luncheon Savory Potatoes Supreme Egg Loaf Vegetable Salad Battered Potatoes Milk Shakes Watermelon Cakes Dinner Baked Fish Lemon Butter Baked Ham Baked with Mashed Potatoes Coleslaw French Dressing Milk Sherbet or Fresh Peach Tartlets	Breakfast Green Applesauce Cereal Poached Eggs Steamed Potatoes Milk or Coffee Luncheon Chilled Beef Savory Potatoes French Fried Cucumbers Tomato and Cucumber Salad Salad Dressing Banana Pudding Fruit Cake Dinner Roast Ham and Potato Salad Battered Potatoes Baked Potatoes Coleslaw Coleslaw with Grated Raw Carrots Tomato Layer Cake Lemon Flapjacks	Breakfast Shredded Steamed Potatoes Toasted Eggs Bread Milk Coffee Substitute Dinner Chilled Beef Savory Potatoes French Fried Cucumbers Tomato and Cucumber Salad Salad Dressing Banana Pudding Fruit Cake Dinner Roast Ham and Potato Salad Battered Potatoes Baked Potatoes Coleslaw Coleslaw with Grated Raw Carrots Tomato Layer Cake Lemon Flapjacks

Love, Hate and War in the Insect World

(Continued from Double Page)

brutes and many other tools are in common use among insects - and advancing the theory that man has copied many of these ideas from insects.

"As applied to certain simple tools at least, the theory seems quite reasonable. Monkey sees, monkey does is just as true of human beings. For instance, it is easy to imagine a stalwart young cave-man strutting proudly along the sands of some primeval Congo island.

"He isn't watching his step very carefully. Perhaps his attention is distracted by the ever-present bathing girl. Suddenly his toe is painfully nipped by a wasp-like barb. More than likely, he flies into a furious rage and smashes the little warrior. But this 'lifeguard' has brains as well as venom, and grows curious about the little claw that could give him such a ferocious pinch.

"He studies the problem. A heavy of bare-skinned headdress such as he experiments with a couple of sticks and a rawhide string. At last he learns how to tie the stick loosely near one end, and so gets the necessary leverage with the long 'handles' of the stick. He tries the instrument on the nearest admirer. She squeals in pain. His 'invention' is a huge success! And so, perhaps, the idea was born which led to a host of useful forms of piers and alligator wrenches.

"But in other fields, simple copying on the part of man is unlikely and even impossible.

Perhaps an urgent need was the father to the thought, that led to man's inventions and to special structures of insects. Both spiders and men must catch flies - but only for food. Insects also prevent the spread of disease microbes. So we find that Black Widows and many other species not only spin webs but are provided with viscid or liquid silk for smothering and catching flies.

"But in their methods and implements of warfare, insects show some of their remarkable resemblances to men. The use of 'poison gas' in the form of pungent and almost sickening vapors, is quite common among insects, but they use it for defense only. The caterpillar of the tiger swallowtail butterfly carries its gas as a 'concealed weapon.' In the upper photograph there is no sign of the two little gas-bags which the pungent chemical is generated. But when the caterpillar is touched suddenly or frightened, two pink horns suddenly thrust into view from the back of its head. These are the gas-bags, turned inside-out as they are 'blown out' from within in release of the very disagreeable musk-like vapor that would spoil the appetite of a bird or other would-be devourer.

"And like man, insects have their bombers and fighting planes and can drop bombs and send raiders from the air. In fact, there are rare instances where insects combine the two methods. Certain little-known species of parasitic flies lay their eggs while flying close to the ground. They are

real insect bombers as they spray their eggs over their victims below. The eggs soon hatch and the miniature army hunts out and mops up its insect enemy - but only for food. Insects also prevent the spread of disease microbes. So we find that Black Widows and many other species not only spin webs but are provided with viscid or liquid silk for smothering and catching flies.

"Many of modern man's keenest inventors are trying to outdo each other in creating new engines of destruction - and one of their fondest dreams is a flying armored tank.

"This dream may become a reality almost any day now. According to newspaper and radio reports, Waldo Waterman, a flying engineer of Santa Monica, California, has designed a flying tank capable of a speed of 200 miles per hour in the air and 25 miles on land. He says that as yet it is only in the 'visionary stage' but this inventor's record is such that even his 'visions' must be taken seriously.

"In this era of predatory dictators, the idea of possessing a fleet of such tanks is a real comfort. But even so, Nature has beaten us out by a mile. Long before the mechanical tanks were hatched, insect tanks were the highest degree of efficiency were humming over the surface of the steaming earth.

"Phymata erosa" is probably the most common species of the stinging bug or ambush bug. Nature's perfect flying armored tank. It flies into neutral territory and lands in the heart of a flower, where it lies in ambush to capture and devour honey bees and other peaceful, busy workers.

"On land it operates on six armored legs, the forward pair being combined claws and grasping hooks - to clutch and to trip and tear. Every part of the body is protected by heavy interlocking armor plates. Even the usually-fragile insect antennae are encased in jointed shells of hard chitin, and are folded back into protecting grooves.

"And this flying tank carries a double-acting retractable forward gun, which is carried in a deep housing beneath the 'hood'.

"As powerful and impenetrable as a steel tank, this half-inch insect flying fortress grapples victor far larger than itself, riddles them with its stinging 'gun' and then the gun becomes a suction pump for drawing their blood and life-juices up into its own tanks.

"In many ways this weird creation has advantages over anything that man could construct. When it lands, its wings never are unbolted and discarded, but are instantly folded into a protected groove in its hollowed back, and it can take to the air again just as quickly; it never cracks; it needs no fuel; it has no chances nor hangers; for it is self-repairing and self-sustaining.

American Weekly Patterns



Look—and Be Ashamed If You Pity Yourself

(Continued from Page 6)

about Pierre is his large, well-developed and intelligent head and face. A physiologist would expect to find such a head and face only on a man, with a normal body who had led a normal physical life. The size and form of his head, however, show that Nature bestowed a mental equipment on him beyond the average.

Pierre's excellent teeth have been his hands all his life. His clever use of them explains why he has such a good strong jaw and neck, superior to those of many men with all their limbs. With his teeth he holds pen, pencil and paint brush, and the special tools with which through years of patient practice he has

learned to make the pretty dolls' chairs and other charming toys, which bring better prices than they otherwise would on account of their maker's better struggle against unparalleled difficulties. Relatives and neighbors assist Pierre in performing the various functions of life which ordinarily call for hands and feet. Once his mother helped him, but she is dead. And now his father loses his best for him, but he is 84 years old. In any case, Pierre's ways find friends to feed him and put him to bed. He is always cheerful and gay, thoroughly enjoys his food and a little wine and smokes a few cigarettes a day.

Pierre is devoutly religious like most Bretons, and this no doubt is one reason why he has triumphed over his extraordinary difficulties. He always works and sleeps beneath a picture of the Saviour. He enjoys daily exercise and fresh air in a little home-made wooden carriage pushed by his old father.

He has often been approached to enter himself in circuses at a high salary, but he has rejected these offers as beneath his dignity.

Many persons who think themselves cruelly burdened for this reason or that, may well derive benefit from Pierre. Mathematics, a breakable spirit as illustrated by these pictures.

Pierre really has something to pity himself for if he were the weakling he is not.



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SEVEN chilled in salads, sandwiches, canapés... served hot in casseroles or au gratin... Norwegian Sardines are plump, tender, appetizing! Rich in the good health vitamins A and D.

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